The Flames Climbed High Into The Night

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The Flames Climbed High Into The Night

by dylan69

Summary

After watching Will run himself ragged chasing killers and working for Jack, Hannibal decides he needs to step in and save his omega.

Will meanwhile is laying his own plans to get what he wants.

It wasn’t Will's fault, he simply didn’t know any better. This was not to say Will was stupid, Hannibal would *never* accuse Will of being anything less then brilliant. It was simply that caring for himself was outside of his nature. He was an omega, he needed an alpha to take responsibility for him, to care for him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal swirled a glass of wine, allowing the flavorful red to aerate. He relaxed, sitting at the head of his dining table. Hannibal bit into his dinner, allowing savory meat and sweet sauces to melt in his mouth.

Hannibal's eyes hazed over as he walked into his memory palace, piercing though the memories of the past several days and sorting what he wanted to save.

He filed away mental copies of his notes on his patients, placing them in a filing cabinet. A meal shared with Jack Crawford became a porcelain plate, located inside a china cabinet. His latest shopping trip for new ties was turned into a handkerchief, folded and set into a closet.

Then, Hannibal stumbled upon his memories of Will Graham. His mind palace warped, bringing him to Will's wing. Hannibal had been archiving every second spent with the man, the *omega* man.

As he walked through the door to Will's ever growing section of his mind palace, was brought back to his second meeting with Will. When he'd first met Will, he assumed the man to be nothing much. A mildly interesting mind in a pretty package, something entertaining for Hannibal to play with, a cheap toy for a child to smash into a wall until it broke.

Hannibal deeply enjoyed their shared breakfast, taking in Will's meaty thighs and plush ass. It would be pleasant to stand behind Will and watch the man deteriorate.

It wasn't until Hobbs that Hannibal's interest was truly peaked.

Will, coated in blood, filling Hobbs' chest with lead, captivated Hannibal. His violence was divine, his hands were shaking. He'd caught Will's scent as he placed his hands over Abigail's throat. It had surprised him, as he'd never seen an omega outside of a pup farm, but his nose was undeniable. Under a thick layer of scent blockers, aftershave, and fake beta pheromones, was the rich scent of a frightened omega.

Hannibal was no slave to his instincts and was not entranced by Will only because of his status. No, it was the fact he hid it. Hannibal had never met an omega intelligent enough to hide themselves for this long. Omegas were, in Hannibal's mind, blind to the world with their pretty, empty skulls. But, Will Graham had turned this assumption on its head, living independently and achieving an impressive job at the FBI. That being said, while Will was intelligent enough to live without an alpha, to hide himself away from the government, it did not mean that he was flourishing in his conditions.

Hannibal pictured the sweet omega as he last saw him.

Will's eye bags looked like bruises, as if an artist had taken a tube of ultramarine blue and painted the underneath of his eyes. He'd been falling apart, allowing forceful personalities in his life to run him ragged. Will had no defenses against Jack's demands and would crumble to dust in his current state.

It wasn't his fault, he simply didn't know any better. This was not to say Will was stupid, Hannibal would *never* accuse Will of being anything less then brilliant. It was simply that caring for himself was outside of his nature. He was an omega, he needed an alpha to take responsibility for him, to care for him.

Some alphas looked down upon omegas for their blind spots and Hannibal wished to bludgeon such ignorance to death after meeting Will Graham. It was no obligation, no chore to tend for an omega. Their dependence was a gift.

To coddle and protect an omega, to feed them rich and nutritious food until their bodies turned soft and plush, to bathe and clean them, to lay them down in a proper, protected den, was a gift. To ply them with sweet wines and sugary desserts until they fell into their alpha's arms, giggly and supple, ready to be bred, was a gift. To fill them with pups until they grew fat, pinned to their lush nests by their litter-filled stomachs, was a *gift*.

Hannibal's mind substituted the faceless omega in his fantasies with his sweet Will and felt suffocated by his desires. He wanted to pick up Will and whisk him away, to provide everything to Will. Under his care, Will would never need to concern himself with anything, never need to worry, and never need to so much as lift a finger.

Hannibal let out a slow breath, the air heavy and hot in his lungs. He wanted Will badly. Needed him desperately.

Hannibal *would* have him. He had a detailed, eighty-three step plan to own Will Graham completely. He would teeter Will closer and closer to insanity, open him up to his own darkness to frighten him. He would frame Will for crimes the omega couldn't be sure he didn't commit, then, he'd swoop in and save Will. Scoop him away from the FBI right as Jack caught wind of Will's 'crimes'.

Will would willingly let Hannibal hole him away in his house. Hannibal could shield Will from the rest of the world, keeping the sweet little thing just for him. He could spoil Will, lavish him with new clothes under the guise of helping him go undercover. Will could be slowly warmed up to Hannibal's killer tendencies if he thought he was a murderer as well. Eventually, he'd fully submit to Hannibal. He'd understand that Hannibal acted the way he did because it was in Will's best interest and that he would flourish under the alpha's guiding hand.

Hannibal simply had to be accommodating of Will's slow, soft omega mind. As long as he was gentle and in charge, Will could quickly be twisted to his side.

Hannibal sipped his wine, knowing it was just a matter of time.

Will walked into his house and hurled himself onto his bed. His dog swarmed while Will looked up and around to make sure he was completely alone. After assuring his isolation, Will pressed his face into the blankets, kicked his legs, and pounded his arms like a child throwing a tantrum.

He hated Jack Crawford, he hated the FBI, he hated his job, he hated his house, he hated his food, he hated his life.

He hated *everything*.

Will was bone tired. His life was walking a near invisible tightrope with a noose around his neck. If he was to slip for even a second, he'd snap his neck.

Will wondered, sometimes, if it would be easier to hang, omega instincts begging him to just let the alphas around him make his choices. He always beat back that voice in his head, submitting to the alphas around him would be awful.

Were anyone to know of his omega status, they'd turn him in to the Pup Production Agency, where he'd be seized, separated from his life, and placed into an omega farm. He'd be bred by a constant and ever changing cavalcade of faceless alphas, always filled to the brim with pups. Pups that would be removed from him the moment he gave birth.

He wanted pups, he wanted a family, more than anything else in the world, but he couldn't stomach the idea of being turned into a living incubator to increase the population.

Will considered his first, and so far only attempt at a family. Matthew Brown, an alpha Will had met years ago. He'd followed Will's lead in everything, and so Will had assumed he would have been too weak willed to turn him over. Unfortunately, the same weak mindedness that protected Will's status also put Will in the driver's seat their entire relationship. If they were to have mated, Will would have had to mastermind everything, explaining the biological shifts that would have come from a bond, explaining his disappearances during pregnancy, and the appearances of children that looked just like them. Moreover Matthew was far too lazy to provide for Will, meaning that on top of everything, Will would have been working to bring in money.

In the end, Will never needed to worry about life with Matthew, as he did the only surprising thing he'd ever done when he'd tried to leverage Will's status to control him.

Tragically, this was just as stupid as everything else about Matthew Brown, and Will ate him alive.

Will laid and considered the world, realizing that there was one person who wouldn't turn him over.

Hannibal Lecter.

Will knew Hannibal was dangerous. He'd known from the moment they met, and his knowledge had only been reinforced by the meal the doctor had fed him for breakfast. Breakfast that brought back vivid images of what Will did to Matthew Brown. Moreover, Hannibal had obviously caught Will's omega nature during the encounter with Hobbs. Will saw his dilated pupils, smelled his alpha scent.

He'd waited to see armed PPA agents knocking his door down. Yet, nearly two weeks passed and nothing happened. Hannibal had said nothing, and anyone willing to risk fifteen years to

life in prison hiding the secret of an omega they just met had to be dangerous. Seeing the man so blatantly ignore the law, confident in his ability to avoid punishment, made Will damp between his legs.

Will huffed, tired of independence, of being vulnerable, of having to think so much. He wanted a real alpha, a strong alpha, a dominant, dangerous alpha.

An alpha like Hannibal.

Will's mouth curled into a smile. He knew how Hannibal watched him, he knew the man was interested. It wouldn't be too difficult to bate him a little, to spur him towards what Will wanted. A dangerous alpha so willing to flaunt the law would do anything to protect their omega.

A plan began to build in Will's mind as he stood up. He pushed the couch aside, pulling up a loose floorboard to reveal his stash of suppressants. Both cycle and hormone pills along with copious amounts of scent neutralizer spray.

Will took his nightly hormone suppressant, but took his bottle of cycle suppressant pills into the bathroom. He poured them down the toilet, watching the small gray capsules disappear.

Now, he had a time limit.

"When you shot Eldon Stammets, who did you see?"

"I didn't see Hobbs."

"Then it's not Hobbs' ghost that haunts you, is it? It's the inevitability of there being a man so bad that killing him felt good."

"Killing Hobbs felt just."

"Which is why you're here. To prove that the spring of zest you feel is from saving Abigail not killing her dad."

"I didn't feel a sprig of zest when I shot Eldon Stammets."

Hannibal watched as Will shuttered, curling inwards. The man had come into Hannibal's office, into his domain, hunched and small. He'd sat in his regular chair, attempting to take up as little space as possible. Nervousness and tension held his muscles rigid. His eyes had been glued downwards the entire season. Will's omega instincts left him shell shocked and unable to meet Hannibal's gaze

It caused a visceral displeasure in Hannibal that Will was not comforted in his domain. His scent, his presence should put will at ease. Hannibal would protect Will, deal with all of his fears and worries.

Will continued, voice shaking, “I felt terrified. He also had a gun and he…” Will trailed off, sniffling. Hannibal stood up, stilling himself against the twinge of protective fury that filled him.

“I was not informed he brought a gun to the hospital.”

“I didn’t tell anyone. I didn’t want the trouble.” Will said, eyes married to the area between Hannibal’s feet. “He threatened to shoot me in the leg so he could take me and bury me.”

“I thought he was there for Abigail.”

“He did, but after he saw me…” Will paused, gathering his words, “after he smelled me, he said he wanted to use me instead.”

Hannibal gripped the arm of his chair, knuckles white. Will didn’t know that Hannibal knew of his omega status, and Hannibal knew how much effort Will put into hiding his identity. To hear him say something that could be such an obvious give away meant he was truly shaken.

He stood, striding towards the omega, and then carded a hand through his hair. Will looked upwards with the movement, revealing eyes heavy with diamond-like tears. “Hush, dear Will. Stammets is in prison now, he cannot harm you.”

“But…” Will trailed off, eyes glancing downwards, burning holes into the doctor’s belt.

“But nothing, you shot him and would do it again if he came for you. Moreover, if he happened to escape or threaten you again, I would be by your side in a moment.”

“Really?”

“Of course, in fact, if it would put you at ease, you may sleep at my home for the night.”

Will shook his head, being sure to move slow enough that Hannibal’s hand could stay tangled in his curls. “No, I can’t intrude. I just need to be rational. I’ve dealt with killers on my own before, I’ll be okay.”

Hannibal pressed his lips closed tight to prevent himself from saying something he may regret. He wanted to pick up Will, to hold him, to take him to Hannibal’s bedroom, and to keep him there forever. It made his soul ache to imagine Will, alone in the world for so long that he would deny himself the comfort he so obviously needed. Yet, were he to insist, he would be unable to let Will leave.

“I’ve got to go, doctor, but thank you for everything.” Will stood, pulling his jacket tight around himself.

“If you feel unsafe at all, call me, Will, no matter what time it is.”

Will smiled, small and delicate, “Thank you.”

Will's face was illuminated by the laptop sitting on his lap. He was dialing information into the site in front of him, thinking of his therapy session. He'd only half paid attention to the conversation, more enraptured with taking mental notes.

How Hannibal's slacks moved as he walked to follow Will, how the fabric distorted when he placed his hands in his pockets, how it bulged when the man sat down. The alpha had been eating out of Will's palm as he spun a lie about Stammets threatening him. Will sighed whitfully, thinking of the thick alpha musk tinged with violent anger. It had nearly killed him to deny Hannibal's offer of hospitality, to sleep under the roof of his alpha, but giving Hannibal a hint of vulnerability now while denying his attempts to comfort and assuage his alpha instincts, would only serve to rile him further.

Will clicked on the box labeled 'girth'. He considered it for a moment and then typed in six inches, before backspacing and typing in seven point five inches. He'd been able to estimate the good doctor's length and knot placement relatively easily, but he was stuck on the thickness. Nonetheless, he kept on. He was well acquainted with KustomKnott.com, as he was a frequent customer. His first purchase after getting his job at the FBI was from KustomKnotts.

Well, his actual first purchase was a pack of donuts from a gas station, but his first purchase of any consequence was from KustomKnotts.

Warmth spread across his face as he remembered his first heat. He'd been nineteen and in his second semester of college, and in his desperation he'd fucked himself with one of his roommate's ice cold cans of beer. The same roommate who had used a pair of pliers to grab the edge of the can and pull it out of him after it had gotten stuck. The girth filled him, and the temperature cooled his core, but the can was far too short to scratch the itch in Will's soul.

He couldn't make eye contact with his roommate for the rest of the year. Will thanked the strength of the suppresses he was on at the time. They reigned in his instincts and his hormones to the point where his roommate just assumed he was a weird beta who went a bit nymphomaniac every two months or so.

It was because of this awful experience that Will ordered three custom made dildos as soon as he could.

Will clicked on the preview and nearly began to salivate. The cock was beautiful, thick and long, with an uncut head and a bulbous knot even when uninflated. While it was a good approximation, Will couldn't wait to see the doctor's real dick.

Nonetheless, Will would need something in the interim. He quickly clicked 'order now', punched in his address, selected 'discreet packaging' and 'express shipping'.

Heat spiked through Will's gut, wetness saturating his underwear. He tabbed back to the preview image of his new dildo and set his laptop on his bedside table. He shoved down his boxers until they hung off on ankle and began to swirl two fingers around his hole.

Slick coated his fingertips as his hole to began to weep under even the slightest pressure. Will had been on cycle suppressants for so long that his pre-heat was sure to be drawn out and intense. He'd felt his libido spike almost immediately after stopping. Other symptoms had set in just as fast. Weakness of limbs, a slowly climbing fever, a clouded mind, all things Will would normally detest he now revealed in. His body's weakness would be answered soon. He couldn't think of a better way to draw in an overprotective alpha than his own biology crying out to be cared for as he pushed two fingers into his hole.

He scissored himself, then forced a third finger into his ass. Will rolled over onto his stomach and inserted his pinky finger as well. He thrust in and out, spreading his hand for the sweet burn of stretching. His eyes fluttered closed as he imagined the fingers spreading him weren't his own, but were that of his doctor's thick digits.

Will moaned, arching his back and pushing upwards onto his knees. With his ass in the air, slick bubbled around his fingers and dripped down his thighs. His cock bumped against his stomach, hanging heavy between his legs.

No matter how fast he moved his hand back and forth, it wasn't enough. He considered getting up to retrieve one of his plastic cocks, but couldn't bring himself to break his fantasy. Instead, he stared at the 3D model of Hannibal's cock, and pushed his thumb into his sloppy hole.

He made a fist and plunged as deep as he could at the angle. A moan bubbled up from his lips and sweat beaded across his forehead. The pleasure was nearly all consuming, his ass stretched around his full fist then clenched tight around his thin wrist. He squirmed, both delighting and resenting the lack of friction on his neglected cock. The bone of his wrist pressed against his prostate, creating a delicious sensation.

Will shoved his face deeper into his mattress, arched his ass higher and gripped his cock with one hand. He squeezed roughly, dragging his fingernails across the sensitive underside. He nearly came until he quickly grabbed and held the base of his dick. Will wanted to cum from his ass alone, cumming untouched always felt so much better. He used his other hand to gather slick that had spilled down his thighs and shoved two fingers alongside his fist. He located his prostate and jabbed it, sending sparks up his spine.

Will's face screwed up as he whimpered. He came with such force cum reached from his stomach to his neck. He slumped forward, gently pulling his hands out of himself. Will's body collapsed against the mattress, slick pouring out of his abused hole. A smile creeped up his face as he thought about how he would ache tomorrow, how difficult it would be to sit down, to drive to work.

He thought, for a moment, that he should get up and wash his hands off. Instead, he tumbled into deep sleep instantly.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The smell of antiseptic and scent neutralizer reminded Hannibal of his time as a surgeon. He stared down at the young alpha sitting on her bed. She looked small, yet remarkably fierce. She was cunning and had a remarkable desire to survive, two things Hannibal could respect.

“So you mean that you can check me out?” Abigail asked.

“Yes, although it will just be for a night. I believe getting you out of here may be good for you.”

Abigail narrowed her eyes, wondering what Hannibal’s game was. The doctor’s blank face gave her nothing.

“Alright.” She said, pulling herself up.

“You understand that Jack will continue to hound you about your involvement with your father if you remain here?” Hannibal said as he sat down two plates of food. Breakfast for dinner, constructed of a sausage, two eggs, and bacon.

“If I remain here?” Abigail asked.

“I am more than willing to help you leave. I believe you are not benefited by life here.”

“I think I’d like that.” she said, as she cut a bite of the sausage.

Hannibal ate some of his meal as well, allowing silence to rest around the sounds of silverware clinking.

“What do you think of Will?” Hannibal asked.

“I like him.” Abigail said, averting her eyes.

Hannibal considered her and her behavior. She’d clung to Will’s side every time he was in a room with her. She’d hold onto his arm or stand behind him, but Hannibal had never been certain if she did so because of an affinity for Will, her association of him with her father, or because she saw him as good protection from the stronger alpha’s around her.

“He’s a…” She trailed off, dragging her fork across her plate, “He’s an omega, isn’t he?”

Hannibal stilled.

Abigail began to sputter, “I mean, we both smelled him when he was killing my dad. It’s.. he has to be.”

“He is an omega, yes.” Abigail’s chest heaved as Hannibal continued, “What do you intend to do with your discovery? Hiding an omega is a serious crime.”

“I won’t tell anyone. I wasn’t planning on it. I’d only ever tell if I needed to.”

“If you needed to?”

“If he found out about…” Abigail paused, “Nick Boyle, I’d turn him in.” The unspoken, ‘I’d turn you in as well’ resonated throughout the room.

Hannibal smiled around his fork. How quaint, he thought. A smaller, weaker alpha assumed she could threaten Hannibal. She was lucky he had use for her. “I see nothing wrong with keeping some insurance.” Hannibal said, “So long as you do not waste it. Will is blind to your involvement and he wants to find you innocent. Understand that if you betray him, you will find that I can move faster than any PPA agent.”

Abigail nodded.

Hannibal was in the middle of a therapy session when his phone buzzed against his thigh. He gently slid the top of it out of his pocket and glanced down for a second. He had to repress a smile when he saw his little lamb’s name.

Will was going out of town for Jack, and was requesting Hannibal swing by his house and let out his dogs once or twice. He apologized for the inconvenience and said he owed the doctor.

Hannibal preened, not at all inconvenienced. Instead, he was pleased to the tips of his toes thinking that Will had subconsciously begun to rely on Hannibal more often. It was something Hannibal would need to encourage in Will, a fruit he’d need to cultivate, much like he would need to dissuade his guilt. As if Hannibal would be anything other than grateful to worship Will. He’d just need to spoil his boy rotten as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

Will pressed his skull into the small, cool window in the plane. A whimper escaped from between his teeth as each turbulent bump sent electricity jumping up his spine. His ass *ached*. Every nerve in his body felt rubbed raw. Will supposed that’s what he got for fisting himself the night before and waking up just to fuck himself on an eight inch dildo the next morning. He rationalized his behavior by telling himself that he was training to take his alpha all throughout his heat.

Now, he was paying the price for his preparation.

Jack had called him at noon, alerting him of a new killer. A killer, who, interestingly enough, had been cutting his victims’ backs like angel wings.

Will had been seconds away from telling Jack to go fuck himself and to leave him alone on his day off. The only reason he was on this plane was that he thought a little time away from Hannibal would entice him. He'd been out of town once or twice before and the alpha was always a little more doting when Will returned. His questions always turned a bit more probing and he was a touch more confident ignoring Will's unsaid boundaries.

Hannibal strode through Will's home, breathing as deep as he could, hunting down even a whiff of Will's omega scent. He had to respect Will's ingenuity and thoroughness; if he didn't have unrelenting faith in his senses, the complete absence of scent may have led him to believe that Will was an average beta male.

Hannibal dug through every drawer, every cabinet, every nook and cranny, and found nearly nothing. At least, until he came to Will's underwear drawer.

The cloth was arranged and folded into neat lines. Twenty pairs of pale blue briefs, all lined up, perfectly even. He reached back and extracted a pair. Hannibal could have purred as he saw the bulge of added fabric in the crotch of the pants. A hand sewn pad had been added in to catch any wayward slick that escaped his lamb.

Hannibal held it to his face and breathed as deeply as he could, the scent of Will's most intimate areas filling his lungs. He felt himself harden in his pants. The image of Will wearing these briefs overwhelmed him. Will's beautiful ass and delicate cock cradled by the fabric. He could see Will's legs shaking slightly as the small omega felt slick slide from his ass. The same slick saturating his underwear, wetness rubbing against every sensitive inch. Hannibal imagined himself coming up behind Will, pressing the omega into his back, sliding a hand down his pants and feeling that dampness himself. It would be so easy to pin Will to his broad chest, to hold his neck just tight enough to cause weakness, and to take everything he wanted. He could feel every inch of Will's cock, feel the softness of his skin, the wetness and warmth of his hole.

He folded the underwear and tucked it into his suit pocket, next to his handkerchief.

It would do no good to masturbate in Will's home where he may catch the scent of Hannibals' release. He could enjoy the bounty of his conquest later at his home.

Hannibal fed and watered Will's dogs. He could have sworn Will had three more of the animals, but they always blended together in the alpha's mind. He ignored it, and then decided that he could do some very light dusting. It would be no good to leave his omega in a dusty, dirty home. Hannibal looked around for a moment, and thought it wouldn't hurt if he did a little bit of picking up. A clean house would be good for Will.

Eight hours later, Hannibal had scrubbed the floors and the walls, sanitized all the dishes, cleaned out the unfit produce from Will's fridge, fluffed and laundered all of Will's pillows and blankets, steamed all of Will's clothes, shined his shoes, washed then dried all of the dogs, straightened his paintings, wiped down his microwave, power washed his deck, stacked and organized his papers, and lined up every one of Will's pens by shade of ink.

He even found the time to re-arrange Will's furniture in places where he could make improvements. What a poor, sweet little lamb his omega was, he barely knew how to best arrange a living room. It was so good Will had an alpha like Hannibal who knew the superior way to place armchairs.

Hannibal purred as he looked around. It was lucky he was a master of subtlety or Will might begin to expect Hannibal was planning something.

The doctor was seconds from leaving, when he turned on his heel, walked back to Will's underwear drawer, and helped himself to four more pairs. He deserved it, after everything he did to care for Will. Besides, Will had never noticed any of the other missing pairs of briefs Hannibal had taken.

"I woke up walking down the road." Will said as he stepped into Hannibal's office.

Hannibal raised a brow. His eyes trailed up Will's body, locking on the omega's disheveled and open collar. Several buttons were misaligned and the top three were undone.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, some beta cops found me sleepwalking several miles from Wolftrap."

"Were you injured?"

"My feet were pretty banged up, but I'm alright."

Hannibal's face darkened for a moment before he stilled himself. He made a mental note to acquire some extra medicinal pastes for when re-bandage his lamb's feet. Poor, bumbling thing was likely inadequate in patching himself up.

Will walked to the ladder that led up to the mezzanine, but did not climb. Hannibal followed him, leaning in, and breathing deep. He watched a single bead of sweat trail down Will's long, swan-like neck, and run across his collarbones before disappearing under his shirt. The animal in Hannibal howled.

The omega turned, pressing his weight against the ladder, "Did you just smell me?"

Hannibal stared down at the vision beneath him. The omega arched his back as he looked up through thick eyelashes, exaggerating their near foot of height difference. Hannibal's teeth ached with the desire to devour. He smelled of vanilla and warmth, of pine and earthy musk. His omega scent was still mostly hidden, but it was bubbling forward harder than ever. "Hard to avoid. I really must introduce you to a finer aftershave. That smells like something with a ship on the bottle."

Will smiled for a moment and rolled his eyes, "I keep getting it for Christmas."

Hannibal fondly watched the curve of Will's plump lips. He reached forward and undid two buttons on Will's shirt, before redoing all of the misaligned and unsecured buttons. Will's

breath hitched. “You may get cold like that.”

Will nodded as the alpha continued, “Have you considered that your illness may be caused by stress?”

Will’s eyebrows crumbled and he swung his head downward, “I’ve been stressed before.”

“You have not been under stress like this before.” Hannibal replied, thinking about how true that statement was. Not only was Will fending off Uncle Jack and his killers, his body was unknowingly reacting to Hannibal’s superior alpha pheromones. His body was being spurred into heat in the presence of a compatible, proper, thoroughbred alpha.

Hannibal reached forward and tipped Will’s head back. “If you fear for your health I will take you to a neurologist. While I believe your illness to be psychological, I am willing to humor your fears, if only to dismiss them.”

Will shook his head, thick curls bobbing, “No, absolutely not. I don’t like the idea of anyone in my head.”

Anyone but you Hannibal heard. He was filled to the gills with contentment. What a sweet, little lamb fate had given him. So trusting, so willing to throw himself into Hannibal’s capable hands. Fate had been kind to them both, he mused, knowing that there was no alpha better capable of tending to Will’s needs.

“I’m so worried all the time, between Jack and my health, I feel like I’m being pulled a hundred different ways. My ship has come unmoored, and I’m going to be smashed against the rocks.”

Will looked at the floor, pressing his chin to his chest, and staring through his thick fan of long lashes, “I’m just scared, Doctor Lect-” He cut himself up, large eyes moving upwards to catch the alpha’s gaze. “I’m scared, Hannibal.”

Hannibal’s heart clenched. Maybe he would need to accelerate his plans. While holding Will in this state longer would leave him more relieved when Hannibal finally saved him, it was nearly impossible to watch his beloved suffer. Poor, empty headed, stupid little omega. Will would be able to shine under Hannibal’s tending, his actual intelligence would grow once he was no longer expected to do things beyond him.

“You need not worry, I will be here every step of the way. I am your paddle, dear Will.”

“How is stress doing this to me?” Will whimpered.

Hannibal stood up, Will trailing him, “If I may, I suggest taking some time away from work, take some time for yourself.”

Will considered this and rolled his head, showing his long, arching neck. A neck Hannibal could so easily wrap a hand around. If he lightly squeezed it was likely he’d be able to touch his thumb to his middle finger around that neck. “I do live in a pretty isolated place,” Will

said, “I could just turn off my phone and become unreachable and unaccountable to anyone for a few days.”

Hannibal was a shark who smelled blood, his smile filled with jagged teeth, “That sounds like a wonderful idea. If you tell me when you plan to take this vacation I can deal with Jack for you.”

Will sighed, “I nearly forgot about Jack. I don’t think I could get out from under his thumb that easily. He’d drive straight to Wolf Trap to grab me.”

The alpha could have growled at the idea. “You may be right. Nonetheless, attempt to get some rest.” He stilled himself, remembering he cannot give up the game too early, “I have full faith that all of your problems and stress will dissolve soon.”

Will laughed and headed towards the door, “That’s some wishful thinking, doctor.”

Hannibal couldn’t stand the idea of Will going out, vulnerable and pretty neck exposed. The poor lamb could be snatched up or ogled if he were to tempt the world so. The alpha grabbed his scarf off his desk and bundled Will within it. He tied the fabric tight enough to cover Will from jawline to collarbone. “I would hate to see you catch a chill.”

Hannibal set his phone down onto his quartzite countertop with a click. He’d just gotten off the phone with his contractor, finalizing the plans for his new basement. He made a mental note to deep clean his first basement of murder evidence before the end of the week came. The alpha would need to pause his legally dubious hobbies until construction was complete, something that displeased him in the moment, but would pay off in the end.

While the mafia controlled construction company he used wasn’t likely to turn him in to the cops, he’d rather not take the chance. Hannibal took advantage of their secrecy and discreet work to complete projects that the doctor wanted kept under the radar. He’d always needed to pay significantly extra for their services, but they were invaluable. They’d built his first basement, his beach house and its murder basement, and the building currently holding Miriam Lass. Now, they were going to construct a new bunker twenty feet under his first basement.

It would be made of several rooms with plumbing, electricity, heating, and cooling. The entire thing would be surrounded with reinforced steel. A bathroom, a library, a nursery, a sun room, and a nesting room, buried in the bowls of Hannibal’s home, where they would be safest.

The bunker would make a wonderful home for his omega.

He’d be able to nestle Will deep underground and keep him just for himself. The thought soothed something deep in Hannibal.

No longer would Hannibal need to fear for his sweet lamb, he’d know exactly where Will was and what he was doing at every moment. He could tie the little thing down to keep him

from coming to harm.

The self-satisfied doctor walked up to the master bedroom. He began to strip, slowly pulling off layer by layer, closing his eyes and imagining smaller, yet rougher hands removing the suit. Hannibal folded his suit jacket and pulled his prize. Much like a knight carrying his lady's favor into battle, Hannibal carried around Will's briefs the entire day. Carefully tucked underneath his scent neutralizer dosed handkerchief, Hannibal kept his omega's favor with him. Smug pleasure curled in Hannibal's chest like a fat cat when he saw other alphas, when he looked at them and *knew* he was superior, he'd found a gem of an omega while they hadn't.

Hannibal shucked off his slacks and placed his socks neatly over his shoes. He looked down at the sweet fabric in his hand and held it to his face, grinding it into his cheekbones with the meat of his palm. He could feel endorphins rush through his blood as the scent burst across his scenes.

He growled, grabbing his cock and roughly jerking up and down. Hannibal had denied himself for weeks, unwilling to cum to something inferior to his lamb and his past conquests from Will's home had lost their scent.

The alpha breathed as deeply as possible and squeezed the head of his dick. He pumped up and down, slowly at first but quickly gaining speed. Hannibal leaned back and stuck his tongue out, caressing the texture of polyester and dried slick. He could feel the fine weave of the fabric and the places where slick had gone tacky and stiff.

Hannibal suckled the seat of the briefs, pulling them into his mouth. He rolled them around on his tongue, saturating them with spit, then pressing them against the back of his front teeth. He was completely surrounded by the scent, the *taste* of Will, of his slick, of his sweat.

He wanted to shove Will down onto the lavish carpet in his office, to tear off his pants and boxers, and to eat Will out until he was sobbing. He wanted to lick down his lamb's delicate spine, trace drips of sweat down between his cheeks, then he wanted to taste every inch of Will's intimate spaces. He craved to plunge his tongue deep enough into his omega that he could drag his tongue across his lover's cervix. He needed to push his face between full cheeks until they brushed Hannibal's ears. He was desperate to tear Will in two, reduce him to sobs and slick, force him to cum multiple times, then to roll him over and plunge his cock into that dripping hole.

Hannibal felt the dried slick on the briefs re-hydrate with his spit, filling his mouth with the taste of aroused omega. He jerked, muscles spasming as he ejaculated, coating his fist.

The alpha suckled the fabric until the taste began to fade, when he removed them and used them to mop up his cum. He held them to his nose, savoring the mixing of their scents. He couldn't wait to smell it all the time.

Will took advantage of the long car ride to look at all the notes he'd accrued over the course of the investigation.

The angel-maker, aka Elliot Budish, was a beta man dying of an aggressive form of brain cancer. His imminent death caused him to leave his family, made up of his alpha wife and their adopted pup, and to act upon years of repressed anger. The man was a vigilante killer who believed he had a guardian angel after a near death experience.

Will massaged his closed eyes as the car came to an abrupt stop at an intersection. He didn't know if awful, overconfident driving was more an alpha thing or a Jack thing.

As the car started up again, Will grabbed his bag and sprayed a bit of scent neutralizer around his seat, both to cover his own scent and to deal with the cloud of alpha pheromones in the car. It felt like a metal coffin where Will was suffocating under the weight of Jack's musk.

Jack coughed and raised an eyebrow.

Will refused to respond, gluing his eyes to the paper in front of him. If Jack could pollute the air with his smell, Will was perfectly in his right to counter it.

Neither said anything as they pulled down a road, towards the barn where Budish had died as a child.

Will clenched his legs a little tighter as he felt a drop of slick escape him as he watched Eliot Budish's body hang from the rafters. He felt flushed and over-warm, frustrated in his failure to catch Budish but content with the man's end.

"It's Budish. That's him, Jack." Will announced.

Jack sighed and Will had to restrain himself from growling. Nothing was ever good enough for Jack. The alpha would just continue to push and push and push until Will was destroyed, until his mind destroyed itself.

Just like Budish.

But Budish was alone, and Will refused to be. He had his alpha who'd protect him, who'd obsess over him and destroy any threats to him.

He just needed to wait for Hannibal to realize it.

Chapter End Notes

hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

i stg i never write this fast but something inside of me has possessed me to write More. (the thing inside me is horny)

also ive been driven to write more bc all the nice comments and kudos ive gotten! it means the world. also also. i saw a thread on twitter w people saying nice shit about my fic and yall r so goddamn nice. i was about to retweet the post and say thanks, but i got a a touch shy! anyway. yall r great and i appreciate everything

:-D kudos and comments give me life!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will laid unconscious on a gurney, three guards swarmed him as he was pushed towards the emergency room. He kept his breath slow and heart rate level.

Once in the emergency room, the nurse on duty quickly began to unbutton his shirt, grabbing a heart rate monitor and hooking him up. She moved hastily, but with the confidence of a seasoned professional.

When the nurse turned around to set up an IV bag, Will reached up to his exposed skin, and slid out a tine of a fork he'd stolen and slipped inside the palm of his hand. He quickly used the metal to pick the lock on his handcuffs before slipping out of the gurney.

He moved, silent as a big cat on the prowl, behind the nurse. He grabbed her, muscles flexing as he held her up to the wall, then threw her onto the floor. Will lunged onto her, gripping her face, shushing her as he placed his thumbs over her eyes and pressed down.

He felt the give under his hands as the nurse's eyeballs popped. It felt like crushing a grape.

Will pulled himself off of her and watched her blindly crawl across the ground. He grabbed an IV pole, ready to complete his work.

Will blinked and shook his head, pulling off the psyche of Able Gideon as he stared at the remains of the BSHCI night nurse.

He walked back to Jack, ready to give his profile when he overheard an in-hospital doctor discussing the Chesapeake Ripper. The doctor, *imbecile he was*, said that the reason Jack couldn't catch the Ripper was because they already had the Ripper in the BSHCI.

Will could only barely restrain the malice in his tone when he said, "Gideon is not the Ripper. The Ripper is an artist. He'd never repeat one of his pieces. This," He gestured to the remains of the nurse, "is like a five year old recreating The Last Supper with piss and shit."

Jack ignored Will, saying, "The timeline would line up. Gideon was arrested a month after the last Ripper murder. I believe we should at least look into this."

"He is *not* the Ripper." Will said.

"It makes sense." The doctor said, completely talking over Will.

Will huffed and caught Jack's glare. "The Ripper is methodical," Will said, "Gideon killed his family on an impulse."

"You said that the Ripper could choose to ignore his pattern, that he wouldn't be restricted." Jack replied.

“This is not that!” Will exclaimed, “Gideon is not the Ripper, and the real Ripper is going to make sure everyone knows it! We know Gideon killed the nurse, so I don’t know why you brought me here if you’re not going to listen to me.”

Jack massaged his temples, “Will, would you like to sit in the car while I finish interviews.”

Will clenched his fists, furious at the obvious dismissal. Unable to think of something clever to say, he marched away on his heels, “Maybe I would!”

Will slammed the car door behind him, grumbling about how he should have driven himself. How dare Jack talk to him like that! He couldn’t treat Will like a child, Will was his best agent. Jack couldn’t get out of a paper bag without Will’s help.

Will decided that he’d ask Hannibal to keep him informed about Jack and his continuing failure to catch the Ripper. It would be entertaining to watch once he was no longer involved. He’d have to be tactful about it, it would be no good to make his mate feel as if he was interested in another alpha. Will had once considered baiting the Ripper into becoming his mate, but ultimately decided against it. The Ripper was an apex predator and would be able to provide for an omega’s needs, but Will didn’t know him. He didn’t know if the Ripper would be able to make him laugh, if they’d be able to cuddle and talk. Sure, the sex would be thrilling. They could be passionate lovers, but could they be friends? Will didn’t know.

Hannibal, on the other hand, was a predator in his own right. He was obviously dangerous, and had likely killed before, and Will was attracted to that. But he was also attracted to the doctor’s kindnesses and his quirks. The little inside jokes and conversations they shared meant just as much, if not more, to Will then the man’s body count.

Will did wonder how many people Hannibal had killed. With the confidence that he’d slaughtered, displayed, and cooked Cassie Boyle, he couldn’t be an amateur.

Funny enough, Hannibal fit the profile of the Ripper remarkably well. An academic, cultured, artistically-minded man, in his mid to late forties, with a background in surgery. He’d be physically strong and violent, but would hide his impulses behind a well tailored ‘person suit’. The Ripper would be wealthy, coming from old money, likely from overseas.

Just like Hannibal.

Heat raced through Will, feeling as if he was being boiled from the inside out. It was a complete fluke. There were hundreds of old money alphas who were patrons of the arts. He couldn’t jump to conclusions. It was like a needle in a haystack.

But what if?

Will clenched his legs as slick began to wet his hole. His mind raced, lining up puzzle pieces he’d been blind to before. Boyle was displayed to make a show, just like the Ripper victims. Every piece missing from a Ripper victim was edible. Hannibal cooked and ate his victims. The last string of Ripper murders happened two years ago, right around the time Hannibal mentioned he’d had his last dinner party.

Will's cock throbbed. It couldn't be, Hannibal couldn't be the Ripper.

But what if he was?

Will tossed his head back, hand covering his crotch, painfully turned on by the possibility. He glanced at the steps of the BSHCI, it was unlikely Jack would be coming back anytime soon.

He shook his head, trying to dispel the storm of hormones racing through him. Ripper or not he couldn't masterbate in his boss' car.

He couldn't. He thought, as he slid his zipper down. Will had never made a stupider decision in his life, jacking off here could give away everything.

Yet, Will slid a hand down further, gathering slick on two fingers. He used the lubrication to pump up and down on his hard length. His breathing grew heavy as liquid heat pulsed in his stomach.

Damn Hannibal and damn pre-heat hormones, Will thought, realizing quickly he'd be unable to come without anal stimulation. He used his other hand to reach back and jab his forefinger into himself, expertly finding his prostate and roughly pounding it.

He imagined Hannibal bloody, yet in control, slaughtering weaker *pigs*, taking his place as a god among men. A god who wanted Will more than anything.

Will jerked forward, muscles clenching as he was overtaken by orgasm. The release was like nothing else. He pulled his hand out of his underwear and wiped it on the outside of the briefs.

Will shook his head, assuaging the last of his horny thoughts. Coming back to his senses, the omega grabbed his scent neutralizer spray and held the nozzle down, drenching his already wet underwear.

He buttoned up his slacks and continued to douse the car, until the cool smell of antiseptic scent neutralizer was all there was.

Jack entered the vehicle, frustrated. He cringed at the overwhelming smell of blockers and looked at Will. It was a look of veiled anger, not of realization or lust, so Will was safe.

"I had a headache." Will said, refusing to elaborate.

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, his pupils dilated, his mind raced.

He was faced with a life changing decision of monumental proportions. He'd been considering his options for almost thirty minutes. He couldn't afford to make a mistake at this critical moment.

His gaze flicked back and forth.

Cashmere or silk.

The salesperson blathered on about the benefits of either blanket. Hannibal hummed and decided he'd take five of each blanket. The salesperson gleefully noted down his order and brought the alpha to another display of overstuffed pillows. He'd already purchased several thousand dollars worth of products from this store alone, securing the salesperson a healthy commission.

Goose down, eiderdown, or latex foam pillows.

Hannibal would need a minimum of forty five minutes to deliberate.

Nearly three hours later Hannibal emerged from the artisanal bedding shop, nearly purring. He'd gotten a wonderful start on his omega's nest. Although he'd likely need to purchase more blankets and pillows once he learned his mate's preferences. He could have gone to Will's home and gotten multiples of the pillows and blankets that the omega had bought himself, but he couldn't trust Will to make the right choice. He might have been clouded by worries about price, as if there was anything too expensive for Hannbal's omega. Moreover, his little mind may have suffocated under the weight of so many choices. No, it was for the best if Hannibal made top of the line purchases and then allowed Will to form new favorites from there.

Hannibal strolled through the line of boutiques, thinking about his knowledge of omegas. He flicked through the library in his mind palace, finding a medical paper about proper omega care, along with several peer-reviewed books about their needs.

The general consensus was that omegas needed to be surrounded by soft things and warm temperatures. They did well in small, dimly lit spaces that emulated caves. Omegas couldn't be trusted to look after themselves or to do any especially complicated tasks. They were best when they were locked away, safe and secure, where they can grow fat and sedentary, filled with pups.

The individual books each had slightly different recommendations for omega care. One religiously recommended using safe bondage and restraints to hold omegas down near constantly. Another frequently discussed the importance of providing omegas with adequate mental stimulation, however menial it may be. It suggested puzzles or simple crosswords, provided there was an alpha there to assist if need be.

Hannibal mentally huffed about the books. They had a rather dismissive view of omega intelligence. A year ago, Hannibal would have agreed on their opinions, but after meeting Will, he realized omegas could be incredibly smart when in the right conditions. Hannibal now considered himself quite progressive when it came to omega rights. While he'd never go as far as some misguided activists and argue that omega's should live independently or manage their own lives, he would certainly advocate that they could use the brains in their skulls. Which made him quite the trailblazer, in his opinion.

He continued to walk until he saw an antique book store. Hannibal headed in immediately and began to look for any novel that may spark Will's fancy.

He purchased several hundred books, ranging in topics from antique war history, to the development of dog breeds, to everything even tangentially related to criminology and psychology. He made note to supplement the collection with books from his own libraries. Hannibal smiled as he gave the employee of the store his address, where they could send the books. He knew once his omega's home was built he wouldn't need his own library. The alpha would be able to crawl down and read with his mate, cuddling his soft, small lamb while they enjoyed each other's company.

Lastly, Hannibal headed to his favorite tailor. He wasn't there for much, simply a new set of underwear for Will. He was certain his darling wouldn't need to wear anything else. He'd had his tailor draft several different panty designs and already picked some of his favorites.

Hannibal made small talk with Mr. Berto before he listed off Will's measurements. Mr. Berto dutifully wrote down the information.

"I want twenty pairs of white, lace panties, ten of the black satin ones, eight pale blue, silk shorts, and five of the red, lace ones. I'll be back with more orders, as this is just a start."

"Absolutely, Mr. Lecter! If I may suggest, several of these panties come with matching bralettes and stockings. Would you be interested in either?"

Hannibal paused, considering the offer, which Mr. Berto took as an opportunity to pull out examples of the items. The tailor brought out a mannequin with a pair of the white, lace panties on it.

It was made of several, small lace panels with thin ribbons linking the panels across the hips. They were small and trim, but not short enough to be obscene. Three pearls were arranged in the center of the panties, resting right above where the fabric would hold its wearer's phallus.

Above the waist band of the panties was a tight garter belt, constructed of thin strips of silk that created milk-white triangles across the body. Hannibal imagned Will in it, and felt his knees grow weak. The gaters connected to thin stockings. The alpha could see how Will's thighs would rest inside them, how the top band would bite into his flesh, leaving a slight, delicious indent.

Hannibal's eyes moved upward and pulled in a deep breath. The top was made of more ribbon and lace, intricate and fragile. It would provide just enough support to shape and accentuate a small chest. Hannibal nearly drooled, picturing how Will's breasts would grow and leak once he was pregnant.

"You have full sets for all the panties?"

Mr. Berto nodded enthusiastically, "I made them two days ago."

"I'll take all of them."

"I am thrilled with your purchase, Mr. Lecter! Since you were so enthusiastic about the sets, I think you may also like to see my expanded line?"

Hannibal considered the man, then lightly nodded.

Mr. Berto wheeled out multiple mannequins, each dressed to the nines. Some wore fine, nearly transparent button down shirts with slacks that would hug and accentuate every curve and dip of the wearer's legs. Another wore a long, pitch black dress, tight as sin, with a slit down the side, reaching from naval height to the floor.

"I understand you were merely ordering a set of undergarments for your new paramore, but I couldn't leave your beloved unclothed!"

Hannibal had always respected Mr. Berto, not only for his stellar tailoring abilities but also for his cunning and manipulative tactics. The man knew exactly how to entice Hannibal, exactly how to cater to his desires. He knew Will wouldn't need the garments, but he would look so pretty in them.

"Fit everything to his measurements. I will likely come back later with more orders."

Hannibal ended up spending most of the day shopping, only pausing for his appointment with Will. He nearly skipped into his office, delighted in his acquisitions and the opportunity to see his sweet lamb.

He arrived twenty minutes before Will's appointment, which gave him just enough time to re-scent mark his office. He looked around and realized just how far apart the chairs were. He pushed them closer together, paused, and pushed them further. It would be no good to be too far apart from his darling. He wouldn't want to miss anything Will said.

When Will arrived, Hannibal realized that he'd moved the chairs so close together that there wasn't any space between them. He sighed, and moved Will's armchair back a foot, then let the omega in.

Will smelled aggressively of scent blockers, causing Hannibal to wrinkle his nose. He noticed a slight wet spot on the front of Will's pants.

Will followed his line of sight and his face erupted with red. "I-uh, spilled some water on my pants." He said, "That's why they're wet."

Hannibal didn't reply, allowing Will to sit down.

"How have you been?" He inquired.

"Just awful." Will replied, huffing, "Everything that could go wrong went wrong. I woke up exhausted, spilled my coffee, and was nearly late to my classes. Once I got to my classes, two of my students recognized the KustomKnott sticker on my laptop, which was mortifying. Then I had to deal with Jack's bullheaded provocations."

Hannibal tilted his head, a little like an owl, "Forgive me for asking, what is KustomKnott?"

Will blushed, covering his face with a hand, “God, I don’t know if I should tell you or not, it’s pretty sexual.”

“It is natural to be a sexual being, there is no shame in that.”

Will replied quickly, “It’s a custom made knotting dildo website. I’m a pretty frequent customer.”

Hannibal physically restrained his face from reacting. The fact Will felt the need to turn to plastic cocks when he should have an alpha to provide for him was nauseating.

Will continued, “Two of my alpha students recognized the logo and stopped me after class, one male and one female. They offered to ‘knott my beta ass so hard I’d see stars’ if I changed their grade on a paper.”

“What did you do?” Hannibal asked, voice stiff, wondering if he could acquire the student’s information.

“I gave them a twenty minute lecture about power dynamics and improper student teacher relations. Then I assigned them each a forty page paper about the topic. I have no tolerance for that.”

“Good, if either attempts something similar again, you can always give me their names and I will have a talk with them.”

Will rolled his eyes, “While I appreciate the offer, I don’t need you fighting my battles for me.”

Yes you do, Hannibal’s mind said.

Silence lapped between them for a moment before Hannibal asked, “How was your last excursion with Uncle Jack?”

Will grumbled, dragging his hands over his face. “Awful, just awful. Did you know the trainees call him the Guru? I can’t figure out why for the life of me, considering he’s so blind. I have no idea why he begs me for my help, drags me out of my classroom, just to ignore everything I say!”

“What sin has he committed against you today?”

“It’s not about me, not really. It’s the Ripper, he’s so obsessed he gets tunnel vision. He believes that Abel Gideon might be the Ripper.” Will rolled his head and raised an eyebrow.

Hannibal tightened his grip on his hands. “I assume you disagree with that conclusion?”

“Absolutely. It’s an insult to the Ripper and his art.”

“Do you believe the Ripper will retaliate?”

“Of course, I’ve told Jack the same thing, but he won’t listen. If the Ripper were to let this stand, he’d be allowing a lesser predator to take his name. It would be proof that he’s feeble-inferior. That he couldn’t defend his own title.”

“Do you believe him to be that weak?”

Will leaned forward, eyes sliding up to meet Hannibal’s, “No, I don’t.”

The minute Will bucked his seatbelt, he broke out into a grin he couldn’t wipe off his face. He was giddy with excitement.

He thought back to his appointment, picturing how Hannibal’s breath caught when Will told him of Gideon’s plagiarism. The alpha had been furious, barely containing it under his person suit.

Hook, line, and sinker.

If Hannibal was the Ripper, he’d have to do something to take back his title.

Will paused as he parked, eyes falling onto the cardboard box on his porch. He grinned and snatched up the box.

He walked into his home, the din of dogs quieter then it was in the past. Will had been adopting out his dogs over the past two weeks. Applicants had to go through a strict screening process, an inspection of their home, and at least three interviews with Will before they would be given custody of one of his babies.

His gaze moved throughout his first floor, cataloging how everything in his home had been scrubbed and moved. It reeked of alpha musk, meaning that Hannibal had touched everything.

Again.

He’d have to fix his furniture and douse the house in scent neutralizer tomorrow, but he could enjoy the scent for a little bit.

Will stroked the three furry heads that surrounded him as walked through his home. It killed him to see his dogs leave, but he’d never be able to take them with him. At least this way he was sure that his babies would be cared for and loved. He had a meeting with a sweet older couple who were interested in adopting Jack tomorrow.

Will opened his fridge and pulled out half of a sandwich he’d had for lunch before he went out of town. He bit down and smiled around the soggy bread. Soon, he’d never have to eat shit like this. Hannibal would have cried if he’d so much as seen the limp lettuce Will was consuming.

He brushed his teeth and laid down in his bed, noting that several of his towels and blankets had gone missing. He smiled, mentally thanking Jack for taking him out of the state so often.

Every time he left Hannibal to housesit, more objects went missing. Will hoped that Hannibal's den would be completed soon, as he was beginning to tire of having to buy a new pack of underwear every time he left town.

Will picked up the box he'd gotten that day and sliced the tape with one of his omega fangs.

It was beautiful.

Nearly ten inches long, thick enough that Will could wrap his fingers around it without anything touching. It had a knot that bulged out at the base, bulbous and fat.

Will flipped over the wonderful thing and pressed the knotting button, watching, with awe, as the knot inflated. It swelled, moving an inch up the shaft, and grew until its girth was nearly double.

The omega bit his lip, excitement roiling between his ribs.

He laid onto his back and tossed off his pants, too excited to strip his shirt or socks. He stuck a finger into himself, wincing a little as he was still a little dry. Will swirled his finger around, just enough to start slick production but not enough to stretch him. His hole was flushed with ever increasing pre-heat, and Will wanted to see if he could take an alpha cock without preparation.

He imagined Hannibal, mad with rut, pinning him down, plunging his hard dick into Will. Breeding him, thrusting into him like an animal.

Will glanced down to the dildo, rubbing the blunt tip over his hole, letting slick coat it, before slamming it in, all the way to hilt.

He shouted, vision flashing white. He began to pant, savoring the burn of the intrusion. Will then gripped the base and began to quickly piston it in and out of himself. It felt as if he'd fallen into the sea, torn and tossed around by waves of sensation.

Will gritted his teeth and spread his legs further, savoring every inch filling his hole. He began to moan, envisioning Hannibal above him, holding his limbs down while they fucked. He'd never actually had sex with anyone before, but he could imagine it well enough. He'd never been able to sleep with anyone before because every cock he'd ever seen had been too small for him. The only alpha dick he'd ever interacted with was Matthew's, and Will still vividly remembers how his arousal had withered at the sight of the pathetic offering.

Will's home phone began to ring, causing Will to pause, dildo half inserted. His head lolled as he groaned. Jack only called his home phone when Will refused to pick up his cell phone.

The omega rolled over, folding his pillow in half over his head, trying to block out the noise as he jammed the cock back into him. He swiveled his hips.

"Will, pick up your phone now." Jack demanded.

Will focused on the drag against his prostate, the burning, beautiful stretch.

“You were right.” Jack continued.

Will rolled over, now half interested in Jack’s call. Not interested enough to stop fucking himself, but interested nonetheless.

“Gideon wasn’t the Ripper. I know, because we just found Miriam Lass’ arm.”

Will gripped the base of the dildo, pressing and holding the button, causing the inflatable knot to grow and lock inside Will. His hips bucked, he bit down on his lip, coating his stomach in cum.

He was right.

He was impossibly right. There was no way the Ripper could be anyone other than Hannibal. The only people who knew about Gideon were Jack, Dr. Chilton, Hannibal, and the hospital attendants. Unless a BSHCI guard somehow snuck away from their job to leave Jack a present, it had to be Hannibal.

Will’s chest heaved, exhaustion hitting him. Still, he grabbed the base of the dildo stuck inside of him, and continued to fuck himself through the afterglow. He could feel the knot tug at his inner walls. The omega threw his left arm over his face as he rotated his hips.

He sighed, clenching around the knot, a smile building on his face. Leaving a severed arm was so incredibly flashy, so theatrical. He rolled his eyes, fondness welling up inside of him.

Will really loved his dramatic monster.

Chapter End Notes

i’ve been on fire as of late! i stg i never write this much but i’ve been having so much fun w this one. the car masterbation scene is a dedicated to LostOwls, as a thank you for asking me about all the world building i cut for porn.

the comments and support have really kept me going! I’ll prolly be working on the next chapter soon, but if you guys want it sooner, give me a comment or a kudos! it always kicks my ass into high gear.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will sighed, sipping a cup full of luke-warm, burnt coffee. He grimaced around the taste and texture as the sludge dripped down his throat.

Spread out in front of him were forty photos of a man who's throat had been opened up and turned into cello strings. After the way Jack treated him at the BSHCI, Will refused to look at the next crime scene live. He'd said it was for his mental health and that it's what Hannibal would think is best, but both men really knew why Will didn't go to the scene.

Will flipped through a couple of photos and jotted down some notes. Jack was a fool if he thought could bully Will into anything, although the man's constant hounding had given Will something fantastic to complain to Hannibal about. The omega smiled to himself, thinking about how fun it was to play the alphas off of each other. He enjoyed poking at Hannibal's protective instincts and doing anything to annoy Jack.

The cello killer was interesting enough, although reading him was like child's play. The killer was obviously well off and a member of high society. They would need to have intimate knowledge of string instruments, both how to create natural strings and how to string an instrument. The killer had killed before and likely changed his pattern to 'perform' for someone else. The victim had only played one concert for the Baltimore Symphony before his death, meaning the killer had to be there.

Will looked at the kill, at the clear interest in repurposing the human body and the familiarity with murder. He pulled up the society columns and began collecting names, looking for anyone with a background in string instruments. Three men in attendance that night ran string shops, all of which helped outfit the Baltimore Symphony.

Finding the killer would be as easy as sending someone to test the symphony's instruments for human DNA. Once some was inevitably found, they could find which store they were procured from, and the killer would be theirs.

Will leaned on his desk, coughing as coffee grains hit the back of his throat. Now, he had to decide if he wanted to tell Jack or not. If he told Jack, they could catch the killer within a week. If he kept quiet, he could figure out *who* the killer was serenading.

Moreover, a killer running around in Baltimore left open some interesting possibilities, a whole new set of opportunities to toy with Hannibal.

Will took his page of notes, crumpled it up, tossed it into the trash can, and poured the remains of his awful coffee over it.

When Hannibal stepped into the string shop, he took a moment to reach up and grasp the bell on the top of the door. While Hannibal mostly believed that Franklyn was a stupid, cowardly, lesser alpha, the doctor was remarkably interested in the things he'd said in therapy.

If Franklyn's beta friend was telling all of the dark jokes, the man was likely involved with something dangerous, possibly even something murderous.

Hannibal thought back to the newest Tattlecrime article, the one covering the cello murder. If his theory was correct, Tobias was more interesting then Hannibal first assumed.

Another serial killer in Baltimore, one theatrical enough to keep Jack's focus. If Tobias kept killing in such interesting ways, it was sure to keep Will in Baltimore where Hannibal could protect him. Hannibal had also noted the tuned and well-worn piano in his omega's home. A piano strung with human gut strings would be a delightfully macabre gift for his little lamb.

He walked through the shop until he heard the sound of string instruments stop. Tobias looked up, "You're Franklyn's therapist, Dr. Lecter. Nice to see you again."

Hannibal regarded the man, feigning an attempt to remember his name, "Is it Tobias?"

"Yes."

"Your strings are all gut?"

"I also carry steel and polymer strings, if you prefer."

"I prefer gut. Harps found in the tombs of Thebes strung with gut still made music after 2000 years. I'm looking into getting an instrument strung and I need something both long lasting and melodic."

"What instrument would that be?"

"The piano." Hannibal said, thinking of Will's slim fingers stretching over ivory keys. How satisfying it would be to watch Will rend beautiful art from the guts of worthless pigs.

"Instruments speak volumes about the musician playing them. Especially one that require such intimate touch."

"It does require a deft touch. It can generate any pitch throughout its range, even those between conventional notes, provided the player is skilled enough."

"So can a violin or a trombone."

"Are those your instruments?"

"The violin. Not the trombone." Tobias said, setting down his cello and picking up a coil of gut string.

"It seems we're both comfortable with playing between conventional notes. Too bad you don't play the sliphorn. I hear the Orchestra is looking for a new trombonist."

“Altogether horrible what happened.”

“Not altogether. It’s an unfortunate way to leave the symphony, yes, but I can’t help thinking the orchestra will be better for it.”

Tobias studied Hannibal, “At least the brass section.”

Hannibal nodded, “I’m looking for a more exotic and rare form of string for my piano. Perhaps you can help?”

Will had been in his office, working on lesson plans when he heard someone enter. His head jolted up, quickly realizing that it was Alana Bloom.

The alpha woman waved, a little awkwardly, and headed towards his desk. She was carrying a plastic bag emblazoned with the logo of a nearby Chinese place.

Will raised an eyebrow as she pulled a chair over and rearranged his papers. Even alphas who didn’t know he was an omega had a tendency to invade his space and take charge. Will found it incredibly distasteful when anyone other than Hannibal did it.

“What brings you to my dungeon?” Will asked, watching Alana open up several boxes of food.

“Do I need a reason?” Will raised his other eyebrow and tilted his head down, causing Alana to continue, “I was in the area and I thought you’d appreciate dinner and some company.”

Will picked up a pair of chopsticks and nabbed a piece of General Tso’s chicken. He bit into it, chewed, and replied, “I do appreciate it.”

They ate in semi-comfortable silence. Will liked Alana well enough, but her involvement with the PPA made him nervous. She’d written a paper on the importance of pup farms for omega welfare that had set the hair on the back of Will’s neck on edge. As well meaning and nice as Alana was, she was another alpha who’d see him as nothing more than a living womb if his secret got out.

“I have to ask, why the sudden desire to share dinner with me? You’ve avoided being alone in a room with me, essentially, since we first met, and now you’re bringing me take out?”

“I’ve recently been reconsidering my goals.”

“How so?”

Alana reached forward and brushed one of Will’s curls behind his ear, “I was wrong about you, Will. For so long I’ve denied anything between us because I thought you were unstable,

that we'd be bad for each other."

Will froze, considering her intentions, neither leaning in or leaning away from her touch, "And now?"

"After seeing how you defend yourself from Jack, I can see how good Hannibal's therapy is for you. Knowing your feet are firmly planted on the ground, I feel much more comfortable pursuing something more."

"Something more?"

The moment the words left his mouth, Alana leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. Will's mind short circuited. He froze while she nudged his lips open, deepening the kiss.

When Will felt her soft tongue caress his, he jerked back, lightly pressing Alana's shoulders away. "A-Alana!" he exclaimed.

Alana stared at him, eyes wide.

"Alana, please," Will said, rubbing the bottom of his face with one hand, "We can't. Even if you believe me to be 'stable' enough, I don't know if I can enter a relationship with a psychiatrist. What if you can't turn off your professional curiosity about me? I'd come to resent you for analyzing me."

"You need to stop thinking so much." she said, gently gripping his wrist and pulling his hand away from his face.

She moved in and stole another kiss before Will reared back. He pushed her away and held his grip on her shoulders firm.

"We can't. *I* can't." His mind raced as he tried to find something to tell her, "I'm already in a relationship."

Her eyebrows jumped to the top of her forehead, allowing Will to continue, "I try to keep my personal life separate from my work life, but I met a wonderful alpha man about eight months ago and…"

"It's serious?" Alana offered.

Will nodded. Alana pulled back, looking crestfallen, "Well, I hope he knows just how lucky he is."

She stood and ran a hand through his hair, tilting his back so they could make eye contact, "I'm going to head out now, I feel a little awkward. But you have my well wishes, and if you ever need a friend-"

"I'll come to you." Will answered.

She smiled and headed off. Will watched her go, until she had closed the door to his office behind her. His face then fell into a grimace, displeased about being so openly scent marked

by another alpha.

He couldn't imagine how furious his alpha would be to smell another all over him. Will reached for his scent blocker spray before pausing. Alana was well connected and familiar with several members of the FBI. Hannibal publicly knew her.

Hannibal wouldn't be able to let her live after committing such a transgression, but it would be a challenge to kill her without getting caught.

Will leaned forward and tapped his fingers against the wood. If Hannibal couldn't kill Alana, someone only associated with the FBI, how could he ever make away with Will, a fully fledged FBI teacher.

The omega rolled his neck and smiled, abandoning his scent blocker and heading straight for Hannibal's house.

Will pulled into Hannibal's driveway when he noticed a second car parked next to the doctor's Bentley. He squinted, searching his sizable memory and realizing he was unable to match it to any of the alpha's acquaintances.

He shifted his car to second gear and parked on the street outfront of the townhouse. Before leaving the car, the omega grabbed a hoodie he kept doused in scent neutralizer. It was just enough to disguise him without erasing Alana's scent once he took it off.

Will slipped around Hannibal's house, reaching the back entrance. He pulled out a paperclip from his pocket and jimmied the lock open.

Will sniffed the air, following the trail of fresh alpha and beta scent. He tiptoed, and listened as the sound of conversation built. The omega turned and pressed his ear to a wall adjacent to the dining room.

"A late harvest Vidal from Linden." he heard Hannibal say, voice a low rumble that put him at ease.

"Virginia? I thought it was French." Another voice said.

"The Virginia wine revolution is upon us. I apologize for being so blunt, Tobias, but I have to ask…" Hannibal paused, "did you kill that trombonist?"

Will sucked in a silent breath.

"Do you really have to ask?"

That *idiot!* Who the hell did Hannibal think he was? Running around, associating with other murderers. Doesn't he realize he should be caring for his omega instead of throwing himself into danger, Will thought.

"No. Just changing the subject."

“Franklyn gave you my message.”

“The murder is being investigated by the FBI. They’re going to find you.”

The FBI was going to find this ‘Tobias’ within the next twelve hours if Will had anything to say about it.

“Let them.”

“You want to be caught?”

“I want them to try. They may question me because I own a string shop. They’d send two men to conduct an interview, I’d kill them. Then I would find Franklyn, kill him. Then I would disappear.”

“Don’t kill Franklyn.”

“I’ve been looking forward to it. Actually, I was going to kill you.”

“Of course you were. I’m lean. Lean animals yield the toughest gut.”

Suddenly, the pieces clicked together in Will’s mind. The cello killer was serenading the *Ripper* specifically, and if he was having dinner with Hannibal, he likely knew the doctor’s identity. *He was trying to take Will’s alpha away*. He was trying to sway Hannibal away from Will. Rage boiled in Will, bubbling up his throat and suffocating him. He would destroy the cello killer, he’d rip him to shreds. Will would utterly demolish any of Tobias’ hope that Hannibal would be interested in him.

Anger clouded Will’s mind, blinding him to the realization that Hannibal was a predator in his own right, one who could easily dispatch of a lesser like the cello killer. Instead, Will snuck out of the house, threw his hoodie back into his car, and stomped up to Hannibal’s front door.

“I’m not going to tell anyone what I saw you do and do well. So my recklessness doesn’t-” Tobias cut himself off as a doorbell rang throughout the house.

“Are you expecting someone?” Tobias asked as the doorbell incessantly sang out again.

“No.” Hannibal replied, mildly annoyed. It sounded as if someone was holding this finger down on the ringer.

Tobias sniffed the air, “Your guest certainly has a unique scent.”

Hannibal pointed to a far door, “If you head that way, you can leave out the back without being seen.”

Tobias nodded and strode off, eyes narrowed.

Hannibal scented the air, realizing with a start that it was his sweet lamb outside. He opened the door and looked down at the small thing, who wore a look of pure vindication until he realized Hannibal had come to him. Near instantly, all the fury dropped from his face and his shoulders sagged. He smelled more of his omega scent than normal, only slightly tinged by scent neutralizers. It would have been a pleasant surprise, if he wasn’t dripping in the scent of another alpha, of Alana.

Will sniffled and wiped his eye with the back of his head, before he threw himself at Hannibal. The alpha caught him and pulled him inside the house.

Will rubbed his face into Hannibal’s chest, “Alana kissed me.”

Hannibal turned to stone, arms caging Will to his chest. The alpha felt nothing for a moment, before icy-cold fury collided with his soul. How *dare* Alana touch what was Hannibal’s. He could see a million gory murders blossoming out like a kaleidoscope.

Hannibal could skin her alive, remove the flesh she thought she could touch his lamb with. He could break her fingers, one by one, and then shatter every one of her bones, as punishment for assuming she could thread her worthless hands through his beloved’s hair. He could rip off her limbs one by one, he could tie her down and cut out her organs, he could slice her up and bleed her like an animal.

He came to life as he felt the omega under him squirm. He blinked, then lifted Will off of his feet, and carried him deeper into his territory.

Hannibal sat Will down in his kitchen. “Why did she kiss you?” He asked, fussing about, gently rubbing his wrists on Will’s exposed skin.

“She said I was very kissable and that she saw me differently.”

Hannibal huffed, blowing air out of his nose. Will continued, “I told her I wasn’t interested, but she pushed a little bit. I’m sorry for coming all this way to bother-”

“Will,” Hannibal grabbed Will’s head, gently rubbing his thumbs over the omega’s cheeks, “you are never a bother. My door is always open for you, *always*.”

Will glanced up, staring at Hannibal through thick eyelashes, “Thank you, I just needed some support.”

Something in Hannibal’s chest crumbled and he wrapped his arms around the omega again. He stroked Will from the top of his head all the way down his spine. “Anything for you, dear Will.”

“Anything for a friend?” Will asked, letting out a short laugh.

Hannibal cradled Will's head to his neck, blessing the world for his little lamb's stupidity. Were it anyone else, Hannibal's loss of control could only be seen as romantic interest and possessive desire. Yet, his sweet, innocent, stupid lamb, still assumed they were just friends. Hannibal would be frustrated if friendship wasn't a useful guise for his true intentions.

"Of course." Hannibal said.

Hannibal continued to gentle Will and coat the little thing in his scent. Will's eyes hazed over and his muscles went slack under Hannibal's care. He leaned completely into his alpha's strength.

After nearly twenty minutes, Will spoke up, "Did you have a guest before I came?"

"A colleague, he was just leaving." Will nodded into Hannibal's neck as the alpha spoke, "He had to deal with an urgent call of some sort. This benefits you because I now have dessert for two."

He lightly squeezed Will's nape, silent permission to let him go. Will pulled back, shivering slightly in the cold. Hannibal sucked in a breath, mentally swaddling Will in one of the expensive blankets he purchased, then stepped to his fridge and retrieved the desserts.

He plated them and then slid one over for Will. The omega swiped a finger through raspberry sauce and stuck it in his mouth before looking up to meet Hannibal's eyes. He grabbed the provided silverware. "Sorry, forgot about the spoon."

Hannibal locked his muscles so he could resist the urge to lean across the counter and squeeze Will to him until their ribs broke and tied their organs together. He was violently reminded of an emotion Abigail had informed him about when they last had dinner. Something called 'cuteness aggression'.

As they ate, Will said, "I'm going to investigate a couple of string shops tomorrow. I think I have a lead about the cello killer, and I want him locked away in prison as soon as possible."

Hannibal vividly remembered Tobias' comment about killing the FBI agents sent after him. "Absolutely not."

"What?" Will asked, his head snapping up.

"Absolutely not." Hannibal repeated, tone laced with steel, "That is incredibly dangerous. You will not walk into a killer's lair."

"Hannibal, I work for the FBI-"

"You're not going." Hannibal's hand flew forward and grabbed Will's right wrist.

"Yes I am!" Will said, yanking his wrist back, "I have no idea what's gotten into you or why you think you can boss me around-"

“If you’re going, I’m going with you.”

“You aren't an agent-”

“Neither are you, Will. If Jack will allow you to investigate subjects, he’ll allow me as well.”

Will sighed, voice low, “I didn’t actually clear it with Jack. He hasn’t been listening to me and I don’t think he’d trust my hunch.”

“Will,” Hannibal’s grip on his lamb’s wrist tightened, “were you planning on throwing yourself into the lion’s maw alone?”

Will clenched his jaw and nodded.

Hannibal saw red. He’d once seen his lamb’s stupidity as endearing, but this was nauseating. Hannibal mentally applied the punishments he’d doled out to Alana on himself. His own failure was disgusting. How could he have abandoned such a sweet, little lamb to the cruel hands of fate. Will needed him. Hannibal could no longer play in the shadows while Will walked alone. Allowing Will even the chance of coming to harm was not an option.

Hannibal released the air in his lungs, calming himself so he would not scare his beloved, “I will come with you, whether Jack approves or not. It is not safe for one person to go alone. Please, Will, you are far too dear to me.”

Will’s other hand reached over and caressed Hannibal’s knuckles, “Of course. I was being impulsive. I’d feel a lot better if you were there.”

Chapter End Notes

i am on fucking FIRE w this fic. once again. i bring u an update faster then i normally write. ch 4 was originally going to be much longer, but i decided to cut it into 2.

you guys are just fuckin amazing and all the comments and shit just make me smile. im gonna be working on the next chapters over the rest of the week.

id love to know if you guys have any favorite moments from the fic or anything youd like to see expanded upon in the next few chapters!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The gravel that made up Will's driveway crunched under the tires of Hannibal's Bently. It was barely six am, and Hannibal had breakfast. He wanted to catch Will in his underclothes again.

He knocked on the door and was greeted by a lovely sight. Will's long, muscled legs, bared to the world, his plump ass just barely covered by short, blue fabric.

"I brought breakfast." The alpha said, offering up an insulated box.

Will smiled and brought the man inside. Hannibal noticed that there weren't any dogs around, and all of the dog beds that normally scattered the ground were missing. He would have asked, but he was unwilling to accidentally summon the hairy beasts.

After a healthy breakfast of sausage and toast, Hannibal convinced Will to ride in his car to Baltimore.

Hannibal grumbled, cursing his sweet lamb's brilliant insight. He'd driven Will directly to downtown Baltimore and as soon as they exited the vehicle, Will marched straight to Tobias Budge's string shop. Of course, Will would walk headfirst into danger.

The omega strode up the stone steps and raised his hand to the door before Hannibal grabbed his shoulder.

"I will go first." Hannibal said, daring Will to argue.

Will opened his mouth, then closed it with a click when he saw the alpha's expression. He nodded and stepped back, allowing Hannibal to take the lead and press the door open.

Tobias caught sight of them almost immediately, as he escorted one of his students out of the building. His eyes narrowed as he saw Hannibal.

Will's eyes flicked to Hannibal, a silent request for permission to speak, before he said, "I'm Special Agent Will Graham with the FBI, this is my colleague, Hannibal Lecter. Are you the owner here?"

"Yes, Tobias Budge. Allow me a moment to show my student out."

Will nodded and Tobias left. The omega leaned into Hannibal, "I don't like this guy, he seems suspicious. Can you interview him while I collect some samples of string?"

Hannibal considered the offer, and nodded. He liked the idea of putting distance between Will and Tobias.

“What can I help you with?” Budge asked, as he returned.

“We’re investigating the death of a trombonist, Douglas Wilson.” Hannibal paused, eyeing the tension in Tobias’ shoulders, “Did you know him?”

“I was aware of him. Baltimore’s a small town and its cultural arts community is even smaller.” Budge turned his head to follow Will, who was standing close to a display of violin strings, “I hear someone cut his throat and tried to play it with a bow.”

Will’s brow wrinkled, speaking up for the first time, “Why do you say try?”

“Strings have to be treated. You can’t just open somebody up and run a bow across their innards and expect to produce a sound.” Tobias stepped closer to the display, looming over Will. Hannibal attempted to get between them, but was unable to find a way to play off the action.

“Do you know anything about treating strings, Mr. Graham?”

Will shook his head, picking up a spool, “That’s why we're here.”

“The creation of string begins with the animal. In the modern era, craftsmen have a large variety of animals to pick from. No longer do we make strings from any sheep, we can be much more selective, we can look for specific traits in the animal.” Budge circled Will, “We look for lean animals, thin but healthy.”

Hannibal’s muscles stiffened, unsure of what Tobias was playing at.

Budge turned to Hannibal, dead smile warping his face, “Your offering is a wonderful payment. It’ll make fantastic raw material for your piano.”

“Hannibal, what does he mea-” Will was cut off as Tobias grabbed his hair and slammed Will’s head into the wall.

Hannibal growled, leaping at Budge. Tobias threw the omega to the ground before turning, startled by Hannibal’s attack.

The alpha mauled the beta with his claws, slamming his fist into Budge’s stomach. Tobias grabbed Hannibal’s limb in an arm bar. Hannibal then jerked back, using his weight against Tobias to smack the smaller man into the nearby table.

Hannibal rolled Budge, wrapping the crook of his arm around Tobias’ neck and choking him. The beta’s hands scrambled at Hannibal’s arm, breath stuttering.

Hannibal’s eyes glanced over to Will’s sprawled form, blood leaking from a wound on his head. A small puddle built under his hair. Hannibal was overflowing with rage.

In the moment that Hannibal's attention shifted off of Tobias, the beta grabbed a letter opener and stabbed it into Hannibal's midsection.

Hannibal recoiled, dropping Tobias, allowing the beta to lunge at him, slicing his arms with the letter opener. A cold calm overtook Hannibal, a biological inclination towards violence, towards protecting what was his.

The alpha grabbed Tobias' arm, clenching his fist until he felt bones break. Budge jerked back but was unable to free himself. Hannibal slammed him into the wall, pulling the beta away only to throw him again.

He dropped Tobias onto the floor and stomped until he felt the beta's skull shatter under his shoe.

Once Budge's brains were splattered across the hardwood floor, once Hannibal had obliterated the threat, he glanced back to Will. The little thing laid, crumpled and small, forgotten against the wall.

Hannibal's stomach dropped, his mind raced. He was going to consume Will whole, stuff himself with every muscle, every bone, every ligament. He would make sure none of his beloved went to waste. Then he'd slaughter Jack for abandoning Will to the cruelty of the world. He'd kill every member of the FBI who failed his lamb. He'd destroy Alana, because if she'd just agreed to perform Will's psychological evaluation, he'd never have been placed in Hannibal's eyeline, and Hannibal would have never failed him. Nausea overwhelmed the alpha, how he'd *failed* his omega. His desire to play with fire got his sweet lamb killed.

He crumbled in front of his darling's body, cradling Will's sweet head and curling around him. Hannibal felt hot tears gather in his eyes, tears he hadn't cried since the death of his sister.

The alpha pulled Will into a crushing embrace, tears flowing freely. Then, Hannibal felt a warm puff of breath against his neck. His hands fumbled, searching Will's arteries until he felt a pulse, weak but present.

Relief flooded every inch of Hannibal's body, relief that was quickly overtaken by determination.

Will was going straight into Hannibal's bunker, immediately. Damn his plan and damn fraiming Will for murder. He'd find a reason to explain the omega's disappearance later, now he needed to make sure his lamb was safe. He'd take Will back home and bury him, he'd bind his limbs and swaddle the omega until the little thing couldn't even think of moving. He'd never see the light of day again, nor would he ever see anything that could do him harm.

Hannibal was seconds away from lifting Will when red and blue lights flooded the windows. A siren ripped through the silent shop. Someone had called the authorities, Hannibal thought, as an ambulance pulled up outside.

The alpha snarled, ready to kill anyone who came too close to his mate. He wrinkled his nose as he smelled something sweet, like vanilla and petrichor. Hannibal looked down and saw the crotch of Will's jeans were coated with slick, nearly dripping with it. Must be an omega stress reaction, Hannibal thought, leaking slick to advertise his fertility and to dissuade any dangerous alphas or betas from harming him. The doctor quickly grabbed Will's bottle of scent neutralizer and sprayed down his pants. He then splashed blood over the fabric to cover up the slick stain.

The paramedics burst into the building, causing Hannibal to clutch at Will. They saw the snarling alpha in front of them and stepped back, giving Hannibal as much space as possible.

Before any of them could open their mouths, Jack stormed into the room, barking out, "What happened?"

Hannibal panted, glaring, as he said "I was looking into getting my piano restrung. Will came with me. Tobias recognized Will from Tattlecrime and attacked us."

"Why would he attack you?"

"I believe he may have been the cello killer."

Jack was about to say something before a beta woman interrupted him. "Sorry, sir, I need to assess their wounds. You can question them once the examination is completed."

The paramedics bustled around Jack, gently approaching Hannibal. The alpha tensed, then moved away from Will, "Please, treat him first."

"We have enough people to treat both of you." The beta woman said.

The paramedics were quickly able to awaken Will and assess that he only had a minor concussion. They quickly turned their attention on to Hannibal, who required several stitches and only barely escaped major internal damage. He was lucky Budge's letter opener had missed anything important.

The beta woman requested Hannibal come to the hospital for observation, but the doctor refused. He saw Jack inching towards Will and decided that his lamb wasn't leaving his sight.

In the end, Hannibal's glare kept Jack from cornering Will, so the alpha man offered to drive them to Hannibal's home.

Hannibal and Will sat in the back seat, Will nestled under Hannibal's arm. Anytime Jack tried to ask what happened, Hannibal spoke for both him and Will. The omega kept his eyes low, leaning his head against his alpha's chest.

Jack dropped them off outside Hannibal's home, "Rest up, both of you. If you can-"

Hannibal interrupted him, “We will have written reports to you as soon as we are better. My apologies, Jack, but both Will and I have faced quite the ordeal today and need to heal.”

Hannibal and Will headed into the townhouse and Hannibal was finally able to relax, back in safe territory. He maneuvered both of them into the heart of the house, the kitchen.

The moment the alpha sat down, Will transformed into a tornado of activity. He secured the doctor with several pillows before he began to look through his kitchen.

“Do you want any water? What about a gatorade? I think I heard the paramedics mentioned electrolytes being good for you. Do you have gatorade or do you have a fancy version of gatorade?”

Hannibal shifted in the armchair, discomforted by the aggressive perfume of omega discomfort throughout his house. “Will, please, take a breath. I am in no pain and will not imminently perish.”

“You’re probably right.”

“I know I am right.”

Will smiled for a moment, shoulders sagging. He just needed the firm hand of an alpha to calm him. “I don’t want to be a bother, I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

Silly omega, Hannibal thought, as if he could be anything other than ecstatic to have his mate under his roof.

“Can I at least make you dinner? I might not be as much of a gourmand as you, but I know my way around the kitchen.”

Hannibal nearly cringed at the idea of letting his lamb around an open flame and knives. He was about to stand up and offer to cook for them both when he felt the stitches over his wounds tug. The alpha leaned back, deciding it would be no good to rip open his cuts again. Besides, if Will injured himself, Hannibal would be there to patch him back up and increase his trust in the alpha.

He nodded and Will grinned at him. Hannibal felt the edges of his mouth curling upwards without his conscious control. How weak he was for his lamb’s smile.

Will skittered around, plating their meals of spaghetti and pouring them both glasses of wine. Hannibal lifted a hand and placed it on the back of Will’s neck when the omega bent over to fill the alpha’s glass cup.

“Calm, dear Will.”

Will turned his large, blue eyes upon Hannibal and sagged under his hand. The omega nodded and sat down across from the alpha.

Hannibal twirled pasta around his fork and looked at his omega. The sweet thing was still shaking lightly, sweat cresting his forehead like diadem made of diamonds. Hannibal wanted to pull his tongue across him, to savor the salty-sweet flavor, and to pair it with the perfect wine.

“Ach!” Will jumped in his chair, clutching his mouth. Hannibal leaned forward, on alert. “Sorry,” Will continued, still holding his jaw, “I didn’t realize how hot the pasta was and I burnt my mouth a little.”

In an instant, Hannibal was on his feet, crossing the distance between them in a handful of long, confident strides. He brushed Will’s hand off and held his jaw himself. He grabbed Will’s glass of water and held it to the omega’s lips, tipping his head back just far enough to let him drink.

“Swallow.” Hannibal commanded. He waited until he felt Will’s throat distort around the mouthful, then he tilted his head upwards and lightly pressed each side of Will’s jaw. Hannibal’s lamb opened his mouth and allowed the alpha to reach between his teeth and lightly pull out his tongue.

He held the soft, slick, pink muscle between his thumb and his forefinger, eyes scanning for any sign of damage. Hannibal was so involved in his task he failed to notice the violently red blush spreading across Will’s face.

Hannibal set Will’s tongue back into his mouth, then gently patted his sweet omega on his head. “You suffered no severe or lasting burns, just a simple shock.”

Will’s breath came out shaky as he watched Hannibal return to his seat. He sat, frozen, until Hannibal looked back at him. “Please, Will, continue to eat. Blow on your food before you bite it.”

With his command, Will ate, arms held close to his body, looking positively tiny in the large chair.

After their meal, Hannibal herded Will into his living room and started up the gas fireplace. He sat Will down in an overstuffed armchair.

“Allow me to step out and fix you a drink.” Hannibal said, opening a cabinet and grabbing a bottle of something amber and expensive.

Will nodded, shifting deeper into the chair by the fire. He was already feeling quite tipsy from all of the wine he’d consumed. While he did enjoy a fine scotch, he wasn’t drinking to savor at the minute. He was drinking to get wasted, to get so utterly drunk that Hannibal would have no choice but to let Will sleep in his house for the night.

The omega waited until Hannibal stepped out of the room. He then walked straight to the cabinet and cracked it open. Inside were rows of priceless whiskeys, bottles glimmering in the low light. Will shifted a few of the bottles and found a small baggie of pale green pills. The omega pulled them out and squinted, quickly realizing that it was rohypnol.

He smiled and placed the pills back. A shiver ran up Will's spine as he imagined the loss of control. Hannibal could do anything he wanted to Will, and Will wouldn't be able to do anything about it. The omega wanted that, desperately. To allow his alpha to guide him, to control him, it made Will's insides boil with arousal. Will wondered if he could slip into the bathroom to finger himself and if his loose hole would entice Hannibal to fuck him while he slept. He was about to get up, before Hannibal opened the door.

Hannibal entered the room, holding two glasses of fine whiskey, one of which contained a crushed up rohypnol pill. He couldn't stand the idea of his little lamb running off after the events of the day. As rationality returned to Hannibal he realized he couldn't lock Will away just yet, but he could keep him close for at least one night. If he were to take his lamb to the sweet thing's eternal home now, Jack would be on his tail immediately. It would do no good to lock away his sweet prince only to be locked away in jail himself.

His innocent lamb accepted the glass with a flutter of eyelashes and infinite trust. Hannibal was so thankful that his darling's social anxiety kept him from bars and clubs. The alpha couldn't imagine how easy it would have been to slip a similar drug into Will's drink were they at a party. Anyone could have snatched up the little thing. Hannibal once again thanked fate that he was there to protect Will.

Will drained the glass quickly. Hannibal made a mental note to teach the omega how to savor a good liquor later. Hannibal sipped his own whiskey, watching the firelight dance on Will's face, catching on his long eyelashes and casting shadows across his soft cheeks.

The omega's eyes glimmered as he yawned, stretching in the chair. "I'm a little tired." he said, soft smile occupying his plush lips.

Hannibal wanted to capture that smile and immortalize it, to keep it on Will's face forever. Soon, he told himself. His plan was all coming together and his sweet Will was none the wiser. All Hannibal needed to do was to complete a few more copycat murders to frame his lamb. He'd just recently finished furnishing his omega's new home, meaning that Will was his as soon as he found a good reason for the little thing to completely disappear.

"I assume you must be after all that happened today." Hannibal replied.

Will laughed, "Yeah, but I swear I never get this drunk from this little whiskey and wine," he swayed lightly, turning his hazy eyes onto Hannibal, "I promise I'm not usually this much of a lightweight."

"The high ups and downs of adrenaline can weaken your tolerance to alcohol." Hannibal lied.

"Can it really?" Will asked, yawning after his sentence.

“Yes,” Hannibal assured, staring at Will like he was a snake staring down a uniquely succulent mouse, “If you feel too tired to drive, you can sleep here for the night.”

Will stared at Hannibal for a moment, slowly blinking, his already sparse mind growing emptier with the effects of the drug. The omega nodded, eyes fluttering closed as he slumped in the chair.

Hannibal allowed the omega to lay for a moment before he walked over and snapped his fingers in front of him. Will didn’t stir.

The alpha grinned and scooped his lamb up into his arms.

He carried the little thing up the stairs and walked towards the guest bedroom. Hannibal paused in front of the door, Will’s head lolling against his chest, his soft breathing warming Hannibal’s soul. The alpha turned and brought Will to the master bedroom. Hannibal would sleep in another bed for the night, but it would be worth it to be able to smell the sweet omega on his sheets.

He pulled down his comforter and laid his darling down, fluffing up the pillows below Will’s head so they would cradle his delicate neck. Hannibal stared down at him, so tiny in the sprawling king bed. The omega would be uncomfortable in his day clothes.

Hannibal debated for a moment, unsure if undressing Will would be a violation. While Hannibal was more than comfortable ignoring the omega’s will when it came to major life decisions, he had no desire to violate Will sexually. He ultimately decided that it was best to make Will’s rest as comfortable as possible.

Hannibal sat at the bottom end of the bed, propping Will’s feet up onto his lap. He quickly untied the laces and coaxed Will’s feet out. He peeled off the omega’s worn socks and gently massaged his lamb’s feet. Soon enough, Will wouldn’t need shoes as he’d be pregnant and barefoot right where Hannibal could protect him. His innocent doll was a sweet, little fly to Hannibal’s spider, and in a short amount of time Hannibal could wrap him up, safe and secure, *forever*.

He gently unbuttoned Will’s shirt, slipping it around the omega’s shoulders. Hannibal held his breath as he saw each sliver of snow white skin. He dragged a hand from Will’s long neck, across his chest, over his ribs, and down to the button on Will’s pants. He popped the button and began to gently shimmy his jeans off.

Hannibal bit his lip until he drew blood when Will’s boxers caught on his pants, tugging both down and revealing stark hipbones and the omega’s small tummy. Blood dripped, landing on Will’s exposed stomach. It slid down the subtle curve until it met the jut of his hips where it ran towards his cock. Hannibal was filled with roiling jealousy for a drop of blood. *He* should be the one caressing his beloved there.

He pulled up Will’s boxers, and held them with one hand while he slipped off the pants.

Hannibal looked away, folding the clothes and setting them on the nightstand. The alpha walked to the attached bathroom and brought a glass of water. He sat it next to the clothes

and looked down.

The small thing looked like he was glowing, all pale white skin reflecting the moonlight as he laid across Hannibal's midnight blue bedsheets. Hannibal reached down, cupping his crotch as he thought about how malleable his omega was. It was so easy to arrange his limbs, with his muscles lax from the drugs.

Hannibal could slip Will's boxers down, just a little and see his omega's hole. The alpha considered it and told himself that it was purely for planning purposes. He needed to see his beloved's genitals so he could provide anything Will may need. Will may have some form of rash or something that would require Hannibal to purchase a medical salve. It was for Will's best interest if Hannibal took a quick look.

The alpha crawled onto his bed and propped Will's legs onto his shoulders. He slid the boxers up onto Will's supple, beautiful thighs. Hannibal gently used his hands to spread Will's asscheeks. His breath got stuck in his lungs when he saw the omega's small, pink entrance and delicate, arching cock. Hannibal rubbed one thumb over the pucker, biting his lip even harder as he felt just how tight Will was.

Hannibal's hand flew to his cock, roughly gripping the base to keep himself from cuming at the sight. He salivated at the idea of slipping his thumb inside his sweet lamb while he masturbated, painting the little thing's skin in his spend.

He couldn't, not while Will was sleeping and unable to consent, no matter how much he wanted it.

The alpha quickly grabbed several unused pillows and surrounded Will's sleeping body. It wasn't a proper nest, but Hannibal hoped it would comfort the omega for the night.

Then, he stormed off, closing the door and matching to the bathroom where he could properly sate his lust.

Chapter End Notes

in this au, part of a/b/o alternative biology is that alphas and omegas can drink after concussions. Its not an issue for them. Dont worry about it. I was 30 minutes into researching if drinking and rohypnol would cause lasting damage after a concussion, then i realized im writing a story where some people leak slick out of their asses. :-/

Also! Im considering what im gonna write after this fic is finished. Would anyone be interested in possibly voting on a few ideas i have?

heres what ive got

1- direct sequel to this fic. i cant go into too much detail bc i dont want to spoil the end of this one, but the sequel will include some tradwife/milf/pregnant will, the appearance

of clarice, and some hannigram in italy

2- a Munchhausen's by proxy s1 au. will doesnt have encephalitis so hannibal begins to poison him and pretend its an illness so he can run will's life

3- a cowgraham fic w so much milking and some titty fucking. before i write this one id need to work up the courage to ask the creator of the concept (@dearbites on twitter) bc id feel weird writing a fic about their concept w/o asking. also i have no idea what twitter ediquette is. can you just dm someone and say like 'heyy i love your horny cowgraham art. can i write a fic about it? also i have fanart of your cowgraham, can i post that?'

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will awoke in a daze, limbs still slightly heavy. He dragged a hand over his face, mind stumbling into awareness. He was surrounded by his alpha's scent and soft pillows. Will smiled, satisfaction overtaking him. His plan had worked out exactly as he'd wanted.

The omega had considered shooting Tobias the moment he'd come back to himself, but playing dead and letting Hannibal handle it had been far more satisfying. Just thinking about the alpha destroying the other man sent a shiver up Will's spine. He would have been embarrassed about the amount of slick he'd been leaking if he hadn't been so painfully turned on during the fight.

Will snuggled into the pillows, apparently a little bit of playing the victim was the only push Hannibal needed to finally take charge. He decided to sleep off the rest of the drugs when a piercing ringing ripped through the room.

Who the hell was calling him? Will thought, frustration building between his eyes. He was about to roll over and throw the offending device at a wall when someone walked into the room. Hannibal headed towards the nightstand and grabbed the phone.

"Hello Jack," The alpha said, voice harsh but quiet, "I thought we had agreed that Will would give you a written report when he was healed."

The alpha moved over to the bed, pulling the comforter over Will's shoulders and smoothing it out. The omega laid there, allowing Hannibal to assume he was still sleeping. Will heard the muffled sound of Jack's reply, but was unable to make out the words.

"Will is in no state to look at a crime scene now, you will have to make due without him."

Jack's squabbling grew louder and Hannibal's scent tinted with frustration.

"I am not attempting to obstruct justice, I am looking out for Will's best interest. I will bring Will to the morgue where he can profile from the bodies and photos of the scene later today."

Will could have growled. What the hell was Hannibal playing at, offering him up to Jack like that, Will thought.

Hannibal sat the phone down and ran his hand through Will's hair.

"Soon." the alpha murmured.

Soon? Will thought, offended. Hannibal should be ready now. Will was offering himself up on a silver platter and all Hannibal could say was soon? The omega's heat would be here in a

mere two weeks and all Hannibal could offer was *soon*.

Will blinked his eyes open and turned his head to follow the motion of Hannibal's hand.

"G'morning." He said, allowing exhaustion to color his tone. He let his eyes fall closed and leaned into the alpha's touch. Hannibal's hand moved down and cupped his cheek.

Hannibal smiled down at him, "I believe 'good afternoon' is more in order, as it is almost three pm."

Will groaned, "I can't believe I slept that late."

"You needed it, exhaustion weighs heavy on you. Once you are feeling better, Jack will-"

"Need me to look at some new bodies? I heard."

Hannibal breathed through his nose, his version of a little laugh, "Yet you pretended to sleep, cunning thing."

"So I'm cleared to go?" Will asked.

"Yes, I cannot keep you here," *Yes*, you could, Will thought, "although I would request you at least stay for lunch."

Will nodded and allowed Hannibal to leave, presumably to make their meal. The omega let his head fall back with a muffled thump. He then rolled over and covered his face with the pillow and let out a short yell.

He knew Hannibal wanted him, he knew Hannibal was a thrilling flavor of possessive and dangerous, yet the alpha was just going to let Will just stroll out of his house. What happened to the needy, dominant fury that filled the air when Hannibal clutched at Will in the string shop?

Will pulled himself out of bed, deciding if the doctor was going to wait, he was going to make it as difficult for the alpha as possible.

Hannibal nearly sliced off three of his fingers when Will walked into the kitchen, a vision of pale skin and long, graceful limbs. It was only because of his quick reflexes that Hannibal was able to jerk the knife away, leaving him with only shallow cuts across his knuckles.

"Sorry," Will said, weaving behind Hannibal and snatching a piece of strawberry off the cutting board, ignoring the blood seeping around the fruit. "I had blood on my clothes so I had to borrow some of yours."

"I hope you don't intend to leave the house like that." Hannibal said, unable to take his eyes off Will. He was wearing nothing but one of Hannibal's shirts, with only three buttons done around his naval. The collar hung around the omega's collarbones and the ends of the shirt

brushed the tops of his thighs. If he were to lift his arms up, even a little, he'd be bared to the world. His hair was rumpled and his eyes were half lidded as they stared up at the alpha.

Will hummed, lifting the strawberry to his lips, allowing the bright red of his mouth to nearly blend into the fruit. He bent forward, arching his back and displaying his perfect ass. Hannibal held his breath as juice dripped down the omega's lower lip. "Probably not." Will said, "I might have to borrow something else. Showing up at Quantico with blood stained clothes is a recipe for disaster."

Hannibal nodded, trying to control himself. He had a plan, a plan that he needed to stick to. A plan that did not involve jumping the tempting little waif in front of him. Delayed gratification, Hannibal reminded himself.

"I believe I may be able to help." The doctor said, bandaging his knuckles. He could finish making their lunch when Will wasn't seconds away from flashing the neighborhood.

Will sat in Hannibal's car, comfortable, well fed, clothed, and incredibly frustrated. Will had smelled the arousal oozing out of Hannibal, yet he got nothing. Hannibal's reaction to a nearly nude omega waving his bare ass around was to pull out a pair of perfectly tailored slacks and shirt. For some reason, the alpha had a button down and pair of pants in Will's exact size, but no underwear, socks, or shoes, leaving the omega looking like a bit of a mixed-up mess.

A shirt and pants that appeared to cost more than a month of Will's salary, blood splattered loafers, and no socks or underclothes.

The omega sat, arms crossed and silent in the Bently, plotting.

Once in Quantico, Will quickly realized why Jack was so desperate to get him on the scene. Three bodies, slaughtered and cut up, organs tied onto trees like gory Christmas ornaments.

"Gideon escaped at ten am this morning, leaving this for us. He killed everyone in the transport truck and left them like this." Zeller said, spreading out multiple photos of the scene for Will.

"Even tied little bows on some of them." Jimmy said, tapping on the images.

"He took a uniform, police radio, handcuffs, a taser, and two handguns." Beverly mentioned. She then looked Will up and down, before wolf whistling, "Someone looks nice. You look like you raided Burberry."

Will laughed, "I emptied out the doctor's closet." Hannibal drew himself taller, puffing up with pride after so openly marking his omega. Will bit the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling, his alpha was so predictable. "Back to the scene, I don't think we should focus on what he took, as much as we should focus on what he didn't take."

Jack stepped out of the morgue to answer a phone call.

Hannibal leaned over Will's shoulder, observing, "Does Able Gideon still believe himself to be the Ripper?"

Will snorted, "Gideon has no idea who he is. He's showing off for the Chesapeake Ripper, looking for a bigger predator to identify him."

"Self-recognition through the eyes of the other." Hannibal offered.

Will nodded while Beverly spoke, "So he's leaving out the serial killer equivalent of roses and chocolate?"

"Yes," Will replied, "Although it's not going to work out well for him. The Chesapeake Ripper would never waste time on a lesser killer."

"What's going to happen if Gideon finds the Ripper?" she asked.

"He'll do what his name implies." Will said, making eye contact with Hannibal, "He'll rip Able to shreds. Gideon took credit for his work, he'll consider that rude."

Will saw the glint in Hannibal's eyes, like a housecat reminiscing about its valiant murder of the neighborhood pigeons. It was cute to see the man preen. Will made mental note to gush about how beautiful the man's murders were once the game was finished. The omega wondered if Hannibal would be willing to show him how he did it. He dreamt of seeing the room where the man did his work, including a few wet dreams about getting fucked to tears while a worthless pig bled out in front of them.

Jack stepped back into the room, phone clenched in his fist. "We've got another scene in a psychiatrist's office. Man named Dr. Carrthuthers was found with his throat slit."

The room burst into activity. Beverly and Jimmy began to put back the cadavers while Zeller gathered up the evidence and crime scene photos.

Hannibal caught Will by the shoulder, "I'll drive you to Dr. Carrthuthers' office."

"Will, you ride with me," Jack commanded, "I want you to be the first one on the scene."

"I am more than happy to take Will." Hannibal offered, his hand tightening.

Jack looked the man over, "No, Doctor Lecter, Will can ride in my car. You will not be coming as this is a private FBI matter."

"I'm a consultant."

"You're not consulting on this case."

Hannibal stilled. Will glanced between the men, wondering if Hannibal would keep fighting; if he'd cause enough of a scene that Will could leave with his alpha.

Instead, he sighed and stepped back. “Will, call me when you finish.”

Will could have screamed. Where did Hannibal’s alpha dominance go? The man currently bowing his head to Jack Crawford after less than five minutes of conversation wasn’t the same alpha who slaughtered Tobias Budge, who was dangerous enough to hide the identity of an omega.

“Well, Jack, I think Gideon did more than slit Dr. Carrthuthers’ throat.” Will said, hands on his hips as he stared down the dead man.

He’d been drained then butchered, his throat slit, and tongue pulled through the cut.

“Dr. Paul Carruthers wrote an article for the Journal of Criminal Psychology describing Gideon as a pathological narcissist who suffers from psychotic episodes.” Jack said.

The science team was bustling around. “He died after being drained. All the blood is on ice.” Beverly said, pulling out a note on the icebox, “Donate to the Red Cross.”

“Considerate.” Zeller snorted.

Will stepped forward, noticing that the doctor’s hand was resting on a computer mouse. The omega nudged the computer and the screen came to life.

Emblazoned across the front was the Tattlecrime logo, below it the headline 'Chesapeake Ripper Escapes’.

“How is this already news?” Jack barked, burning holes into the photos of Dr. Carrthuthers’ body.

Will wrinkled his brow, using the touchpad of the laptop to hit the refresh button.

When the screen loaded, the headline read ‘Chesapeake Ripper Rips Again.” A photo of the observatory where Jack found Lass’ arm sat centered.

“I think Gideon has Freddie Lounds.” Will announced.

Will stood outside the observatory as medical workers streamed into the building, following Jack’s call. Gideon was flashy but he wasn’t stupid. He wouldn’t do anything this showy without an escape.

Alphas prized the sanctity of their territory above anything else. To threaten an alpha’s home was a threat to their status, their strength, their ability to protect a mate. If Hannibal wouldn’t respond to danger outside his territory, Will would just have to bring it home.

Will waited until every other agent was inside the planetarium, then slid into one of the FBI vehicles, and drove until it was separated from the others, parked next to the tree line, nearly

hidden in the darkness.

The omega checked the glove compartment and grabbed the handgun placed there. He stepped out and entered the back seat, leaning back until the night disguised his form.

He kept his head still, merely shifting his eyes, as a figure bolted out of the back of the building. The person paused, head swiveling, until they locked onto the lonely squad car, perfect for a getaway vehicle.

Gideon threw open the door of the car and pulled himself in, hand scrambling at the keys.

He froze when he heard the click of a gun.

His gaze drifted upwards to the rear view mirror, where he saw the glimmering barrel and Will's sharp glare.

"I was expecting the Chesapeake Ripper."

"I can take you to him." Will said.

Gideon turned the ignition on, "You're a little peaky, if I'm allowed to say so, Mr. Graham. You smell delectable."

Sweat dripped down Will's face, his hormones were going wild, "Drive."

Will was cold as ice when Gideon pulled up to Hannibal's driveway. He leaned forward and pressed the barrel of the gun into Gideon's nape. "Get out and stand still until I can come around. Keep your hands out of your pockets and if you try anything I won't hesitate to fill you with lead."

Gideon did as he was told. Will stepped out of the car and followed him, finger on the trigger. If this wasn't enough to push Hannibal into action, the omega wasn't sure what was.

"Knock on the door." Will commanded, pressing the pistol into Gideon's back.

Hannibal was going to snap the neck of whoever was bothering him at this hour. Today had been nothing but irritating, and the alpha was quickly losing patience for it.

He grabbed a syringe full of sedatives and slid open the door.

The air in his lungs caught as he saw his sweet lamb and Able Gideon on his porch. His little omega was shaking and sweating, smelling painfully sweet as he stood behind a menacing, dangerous killer.

"H-Hannibal," Will started, eyes big and glassy, tears gathering within them, "please, I didn't know what to do. He was threatening me and I-I-"

Hannibal's vision tunneled.

"What the hell?" Gideon asked, turning his head slightly before he felt Will's gun jab into his back, "He has a gun, he walked past twenty FBI agents to bring me here. I'm not the one threatening him, he's threatening me."

"Please, come in." Hannibal said, stepping back, his form tense.

Will hiccuped, tears flowing freely down his cheeks. Hannibal's hands shook, a near imperceptible loss of control. How could he have allowed this to happen, allowed his *stupid* lamb to wander headfirst into danger. This was the second time in less than forty eight hours that his idiot omega had bumbled into a life threatening situation, but this time Hannibal wasn't there to protect him. Had Gideon's mood been even slightly different, Will would be dead, gutted and disposed of as if he was trash.

The thought brought vomit to the back of Hannibal's throat.

His eyes darted around the room. Gideon was seated at the dining table, he stood at the doorway, and Will was between them, terrified, small, and shaking.

Hannibal stepped forward, grabbed Will by the back of his neck, pricked him with the sedative, and held the plunger down until every muscle in the omega's form went limp. The alpha set Will down into the furthest chair from Gideon, and turned to the other man.

"What did you do to him?" Abel asked.

"Used a mild sedative."

"You just keep things like that around?"

"I said it was mild."

Gideon stared at him, "So you're the Chesapeake Ripper?"

Hannibal stalked across the room and snapped Gideon's neck as his answer.

The alpha left the body to tend to his lamb. He scooped up the little thing and began his descent into the bowels of the house.

Will was alive, Will was safe, and *Will would never be in danger again.*

Chapter End Notes

okay. i had to add an extra chapter. im sorry. i just realized i had the PERFECT opportunity to leave yall on a semi cliffhanger and i had to take it.

yalls comments have been fucking amazing. the enthusiasm for this fic makes me smile whenever i think about it!

End of Arc 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Every bone in Will's body was so fragile. A simple squeeze could shatter the frail thing. Hannibal pulled his fingers through his lamb's hair, feeling the delicate skull that he could crush with one hand.

The curls were so easy to pull. Hannibal imagined walking down the street, seeing the sweet thing for the first time, reaching up, and yanking, snapping the omega's neck. All the harm that could come to something so delicate.

Hannibal dragged the trauma shears up, tearing the clothes that hid his lamb's form. Clothes that were once worn to protect the omega, but were unnecessary now. Will had Hannibal to protect him.

Every motion Hannibal made was methodical, patient but painfully efficient. Will was spread out on his sanitized operation table. The same table where Hannibal had taken the lives of many of his victims. While the alpha knew it would be the best space to perform the necessary procedures, it fundamentally discomforted him to see his omega in such a place.

Hannibal first had to check his beloved over for any injuries he might have been awarded during his time with Abel Gideon. He'd been able to do an initial check after the fight with Budge, but he needed to reassess.

He scanned over Will's body, finding no cuts or bruises. Hannibal then dragged his hands from his shoulders down to his toes, squeezing lightly and testing for any broken or chipped bones. The alpha gently pressed down on his lamb's stomach, searching for anything injured.

Hannibal moved to perform a few more intimate tests then he'd been able to do prior. He lifted his beloved's cock and gently rolled it between his fingers. The alpha lightly pinched up and down the shaft, peering at his omega's urethra. It was naturally almost twice as wide as an alpha's, as omegas only produced liquid waste. Their anuses directed to their wombs, instead of their intestinal tract, requiring waste to be processed differently.

Once he was satisfied there was no blockages or tearing, he carefully flipped his lamb over and spread his legs. Hannibal used an excessive amount of artificial slick to insert a finger into his beloved. He massaged the buttery soft insides, locating his prostate quickly. It was a normal, healthy size, and Hannibal felt Will's hole tighten around his finger in response to any pressure placed upon it.

He reached further until he brushed Will's slick glands. They were painfully engorged, as if he was in pre-heat. Hannibal quickly retrieved his finger and wiped it of the artificial lube. He pressed his finger back in and began to massage the glands. Slick spilled from them, oozing around the alpha's finger and dripping out of his lamb's hole. Hannibal used his other hand to position a little jar below Will's ass to catch the sweet slick.

While Hannibal had no desire to sexually violate his doll past the necessities for a medical examination, he saw no harm in taking a little slick for his personal pleasure.

After draining the last of his beloved's glands, Hannibal moved on to his next phase.

He began by trimming his lamb's finger and toe nails, clipping them to a reasonable length, then filing them until they were rounded. He pressed a kiss to the back of Will's hand, before drawing out a bottle of clear lacquer and coating each nail in transparent, protective polish.

Next, he brought out the electrolysis machine he'd borrowed from a colleague. His lamb would need to shave every day or he'd grow stubble, and Hannibal couldn't allow the stupid thing near a blade. While the alpha was happy to shave every inch of his beloved daily, there may have been a few scant hours of stubble-filled discomfort before he could attend to his omega each morning.

Hannibal was unwilling to subject his lamb to even a second more of discomfort.

He fired up the machine and began to move it, hair by hair, up his lamb's legs, across his stomach, over his chest, below and on his arms, and onto the lower half of his face. Hannibal cooed at the sight of his sweet thing, who looked nearly a decade younger without his beard. His doll's beard was already light, as it wasn't natural. He only had such heavy hair growth as a side effect of the alpha cycle suppressants he'd been abusing for years.

The last area he targeted was his omega's genitals. He cradled Will's cock with one hand, and killed hair follicles around it. He drew the soft skin of the ball sack tight as he worked. He spread his lamb's ass cheeks to target the light dusting of hair there. The alpha was so intent on his work, he barely felt the spark of arousal, low in his belly, that appeared when he saw his lover's hole.

He cleaned and washed the hair on his lamb's empty head. Letting lukewarm water flow over the curls before scrubbing them down with shampoo, specifically tailored for Will's hair type. Hannibal had stolen some of Will's hair from a brush and had it sent off to a professional who would create custom washes based on what the hair needed. He gently rubbed his lamb's mane dry with the softest towel money could buy. His doll would never have anything less than the best, ever again.

Hannibal retrieved a bottle of lotion and massaged it into his lamb's skin. He coated everything except the area from Will's ribs to his pelvis.

He took a moment to stroke his omega's face, his soft, hairless cheek. Hannibal rubbed a thumb over his eyelid, feeling the spread of thick lashes.

The last step in this procedure was the one the alpha was looking forward to and dreading in equal, exorbitant measure.

He was going to remove four of his lamb's ribs.

Two of the bottom ones on his left side had broken years ago and been reset poorly, giving Will residual, abdominal discomfort. He was going to remove the two, and take another two

from the right side, to make it even.

He wiped down the area to sanitize it and then held a scalpel to his darling's skin. Hannibal held his breath as he pressed down, pricking and cutting the flesh. The doctor finished the incision.

Hannibal wanted nothing more than to slip his hand deep into his lamb, to reach up, through the cut, to cradle his heart. Hannibal could squeeze it in the perfect rhythm. He could use his other arm to pump his lungs. The alpha could relieve his doll of even the need to perform involuntary biological functions.

Hannibal could do everything, could *be* everything for his omega.

He carefully slid out the first two ribs, then made a mirroring incision on the other side. Once his beloved was stitched up, Hannibal took a moment to step back and admire his work.

His lamb was hairless below his eyebrows, his body healthy and perfect, every inch of him soft and protected.

Hannibal held the four, beautiful ribs in his hands, and prepared a second dose of the sedatives. He'd awaken his lamb once his work was completed, and not a second prior.

Two hours after Hannibal secured his lamb, he called Jack Crawford. He gathered himself, putting on a mask of concern and worry.

The phone rang, but went to voicemail. Uncle Jack was likely very busy with Gideon's mess at the moment.

"Hello Jack, I apologize for calling you at such an hour. I wanted to know if you saw Will before he left the crime scene. It has been several hours and I have yet to receive a call from him. He calls me after seeing scenes and I worry that he has yet to do so."

Checking Abigail out of the hospital under a fake name was far easier then it should have been. While she had some privileges as an eighteen year old alpha, allowing her to just stroll out of the facility with whoever was a risk to her safety. Hannibal would need to write a strongly worded, anonymous letter of complaint when he had more time.

The two alphas walked down the sidewalk. Abigail smelled of lingering anxieties, a slightly sour note to her scent.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To one of my beach houses. It's a well maintained little property that will suit you well." He glanced down at the smaller alpha and realized that there was a fishing fly attached to a leather cord dangling around her neck.

“What is that?” Hannibal asked, picking up and lightly twirling the fly.

“It’s a fishing fly. Will made it for me after I told him I thought they were pretty.” She grabbed the necklace, a spark of alpha possessiveness present in the action.

“Will has visited you?”

“He comes by every other day or so. He likes to spend time with me.”

Hannibal had no idea that his lamb had been running around, visiting Abigail. He’d always imagined that the little thing had spent all his time locked away in Wolftrap when not at the FBI.

“Why did you pull me out of the hospital?” Abigail asked.

“Do you remember our agreement?”

She nodded, mindlessly tucked hair behind her ear. An unconscious reminder of the pound of flesh she’d traded for a promise of freedom.

Hannibal opened the door of his Bentley and helped the younger alpha in.

He sat down behind the wheel before continuing, “Some things have unexpectedly changed, and I will no longer require your end of our bargain.”

Abigail’s eyes widened. She flew to the car door, scrambling at the handle mere seconds after Hannibal hit the child lock.

“Don’t cause a scene and this won’t be nearly as painful for you.” Hannibal said, easing the car into drive.

Hannibal had taken to spending nearly all of his time with his lamb. He was so pliant and sweet while sedated. Hannibal could pose him anyway he liked, he could hold and cuddle the little thing all day.

It truly was lovely.

The alpha had just finished Will’s daily care routine, consisting of a sponge bath, a thorough massage and rub down with lotion, draining him of slick, and inserting his feeding tube, when he began to yearn for his beloved’s consciousness again.

Hannibal was sure he’d miss this when Will was awoken, at least at the start. His darling’s entire life had been uprooted by an alpha who he thought was blind to his status. It would only be normal for Will to fight Hannibal’s care. The alpha would just have to persist until his lamb realized that it was for the best.

Will was beautiful like this, but Hannibal missed their conversations. Nonetheless, he couldn’t wake Will until all of his preparations were complete.

The omega had been declared missing a week ago after he stopped showing up for work or responding to Jack's calls. The department had been on high alert, feeling keenly the absence of one of their own.

Hannibal petted Will soft hair and caressed the tube between his lips. He considered his lamb, his sharp hip bones, his visible ribs, his knife-like collarbones, and doubled the calorie count in his omega's meal.

It would do some good to put a little weight on Will's bones.

It took nearly two weeks for Hannibal to plan and execute his design and another week for Jack to find it.

The alpha received a phone call at two pm from Crawford on a Tuesday afternoon. The man's voice was strained, tinted with fear that Hannibal had never heard before.

The doctor drove to the site of the crime with a smile on his face.

When he arrived, he took in one of his masterpieces.

It was made of two bodies, warped nearly past recognition. Their limbs were interwoven and locked up to form a table-like shape of twisted arms and legs.

Sitting on the abdomen of one of the bodies was a solid gold serving platter, polished to a nearly mirror-like shine. Upon the plate, rested four ribs, with their tips dipped in the same gold that made up the platter, arranged like a macabre flower.

Pinned in the center was a note, written in dried slick.

Hannibal held his arms behind his back and listened to the commotion.

"Do you have an ID on the bodies?" he asked Beverly, after greeting her.

She nodded, lips tight, "Abel Gideon and Alana Bloom."

Hannibal gasped, forcing his face into a mimicry of shock, "Alana?"

Beverly nodded, the first sprouts of grief weighing on her shoulders.

Hannibal headed to Jack when the other alpha motioned him over.

"It's the Ripper." Jack stated, "Will said he'd kill Gideon if they met."

"Yes, I believe it is. Do you know which of the bodies the ribs came from?"

Jack shook his head, "They're not from either body. Both the corpses have all their ribs intact."

Jimmy jogged up to them, looking grim, clutching the pale paper between his glove covered fingers. “I found what the note says.”

Jack gestured at the other man to explain.

“The ink is nearly invisible, but if you tilt it in the light, you can see where it was.” Jimmy explained, demonstrating, “It says ‘Thank you Jack, for the delicious meal. Forgive the lack of a body, the sacrificial lamb you provided me was so sweet I nearly ate him whole.’ Jack, who could he be talking about?”

Jack looked green with nausea, “We need to DNA test the ribs, now.”

When the gold dipped ribs came back as Will’s, Hannibal could see something break in Jack Crawford’s eyes.

Will woke, purring so hard he could feel his ribs vibrating around his chest. Every inch of him was cradled by overstuffed pillows. His body was bare, aside from a pair of white, lace panties and cuffs binding his wrists and ankles, yet Will wasn’t cold. The room was comfortably warm without being suffocating.

The room he was in was small, with a singular, locked door in the far corner. The floor dipped into a bowl-like curve that was filled with padded mattresses, fluffy pillows, and soft blankets. The roof was low and the lights were dim, appealing to omegan instincts.

He moved, testing his bonds. The leather surrounding his limbs was soft, broken in and padded, tight without resisting circulation. Will swiveled his right wrist, noting how it would be nearly impossible to rub his skin raw. The cuffs were attached to chains that could be linked at different points for different lengths. They were currently drawn tight, so that Will could only move his limbs a few inches above the ground.

Will’s stomach was full, his muscles relaxed, he was warm, surrounded by soft things, and hidden away somewhere safe. Will understood why Hannibal had made him wait so long now. His purring grew in volume, sounding as if someone was revving a chainsaw in his chest. He couldn’t be more pleased with his alpha.

Hannibal climbed down the stairs, barely containing his feelings. He reflected on the stew of excitement-nervousness-fear-joy-relief filling his gut. The intensity of it was nothing like Hannibal had felt for decades.

He brought himself to the last locked door and gathered himself. It would do no good to put Will on edge with his mixed emotions. His sweet omega was just beyond this door. The culmination of everything he’d planned.

His lamb was likely to wake soon, and he was likely to be angry and scared. He’d need Hannibal to sooth him and convince him that this was for the best. Hannibal’s little lamb still

believed him to be nothing but a pedestrian therapist. He would see Hannibal as a harmless, well meaning man who couldn't harm a fly. The shock would devastated him and he would need his alpha to steady his frail mind.

Hannibal unlocked the door and walked through the foyer of his den, heading straight towards Will's nest-room. He entered and heard Will's loud purrs. Hannibal glanced downwards and saw his lamb had awoken.

"Hello, dear Will." Hannibal opened with, tone neutral.

"I know you're the Chesapeake Ripper." Will announced, his insight cutting. Before Hannibal could reply, Will continued, "Where am I?"

Hannibal considered him, before he decided honesty would be the best. His omega would realize that Hannibal knew best soon enough. "You are underneath my house, in a locked bunker. There is only one exit and it is barred by three steel doors with intricate locks. Were you to somehow get past the doors, your leather cuffs have sensor activated magnets in them that would lock together, binding you where you were. There is no use in trying to escape."

"What if someone tried to get in?" Will questioned, shifting on the pile of pillows.

Hannibal wrinkled his nose, "No one will be able to come in to help you escape. If you think I've been excessive in preparations to keep you here, I've done three times the work to keep the rest of the world out."

"What if I'm hungry?"

"I'll be feeding you three, nutritious meals a day and there is a mini-fridge in every room filled with snacks and drinks."

"Rooms?"

"Of course, this bunker is not just your nest-room. There are several others, including a library, a bathroom, a nursery, and a sun room."

Will snorted, "Of course you'd be excessive in den building," Hannibal's brow wrinkled before Will continued, "Wait, did you mention a nursery?"

Hannibal stilled, wondering if he gave away his hand too early, "Nothing you have need to worry about."

Will raised an eyebrow, "What if something happens down here and I get injured?"

"That will never happen. I've spent days agonizing over every inch of this den to keep you from harm. Nonetheless," Hannibal pointed towards the ceiling, towards a small black circle embedded there, "I have five different cameras in every room, so were *anything* to happen, I would be there in moments."

Will's purrs increased in volume and speed. Hannibal's shoulders tensed, conscious of how omegas purred not only when content, but also when terrified and preparing for a fight.

"What of Jack? Will he not investigate my disappearance?"

"Do not hold out hope. He believes you are the fifteenth victim of the Chesapeake Ripper."

"Am I?"

"No. Unlike those *pigs*, no harm will come to you. I intend to keep you safe. You are shockingly intelligent, but your omega nature leaves you prone to self destruction and harm. I had to step in to keep you from danger. I want, no, I need to provide for you."

Will hummed, "I admit, I didn't really expect all the secret bunker and faking my death thing, but it's really hot."

The skin under Hannibal's eyes tightened, confusion blossoming.

Will looked up, baring his long neck, lips curling upwards. "So, are you going to come here and take me?"

Hannibal looked down at his sweet little mate. What a tragedy that he would assume his alpha would harm him so. The world had been so cruel to him.

"Absolutely not." Hannibal said, pausing for a moment, sniffing the air as he scented a touch of disappointment in the air, "I have no intent to force you into sex, ever. While I have already acted outside the bounds of your consent by bringing you here against your will, I will never rape you."

"But you could if you wanted to. You've overpowered me, brought me here, hidden me away. I'm strapped down, nearly nude," Will rolled his hips, leaning his head back, exposing his vulnerable throat, "You could have me any way you desired."

Hannibal had to avert his eyes as lust spiked through him. "I will do *nothing* without your consent, no matter how long it takes to achieve it. Even if I never receive your consent, I will not force myself upon you. I want you to be safe, healthy, and as happy as I can make you."

"You think I'll be happy deprived of sex?" Will huffed.

Hannibal stared down at Will, "What?"

"I want you to come here and have sex with me."

"If this is a plan to induce a form of Lima syndrome by being overly agreeable, I must tell you it will not work. The more I love you the more I will desire to keep you here."

Will rolled his eyes, "Hannibal, I'll be going into heat in a few days. You *will* fuck me through it, or you don't want to know what I'll do to you."

“Your suppressants will not wear off for nearly a month. They are still coursing through you now. I reiterate, I will not do *anything* without your consent, and you cannot consent in heat.”

“I stopped my suppressants almost a month ago and my heat will be here in a matter of days. I’m consenting right now, while my head is clear. You’ve passed my tests, proven yourself as a true alpha, and now I want you to mate me.”

Hannibal blinked, his trains of thought colliding, cutting himself off mid sentence. “Why would you stop your suppres- What tests?”

Will rolled his eyes, “I wanted a strong alpha mate, one who could keep me and my children safe and cared for. I wanted to curl against the stomach of the biggest, strongest, most violent predator.” Hannibal stared at him, mind reeling, “Also, I stopped my suppressants a month ago because I could tell your plans were accelerating and I wanted to be mated as soon as I got settled.”

“You…” Hannibal walked towards him, kneeling, “knew of my plans?”

Will nodded, grinning, “And I had plans of my own. Did you really think I would have survived this long if I haplessly walked into danger like I have been?”

“You..”

“I knew you were interested, so I gave you the opportunity to prove yourself as a protector. Besides, I always wanted to be whisked away from Uncle Jack, it just took a little provocation to convince you.”

“You arranged everything?”

“Not everything, but I might have angled things to my favor. I overheard you and Tobias talking at dinner the night before your fight and I may have done everything I could to lure Gideon to your home.”

Hannibal bent down and gripped Will’s hair, pulling hard, “You purposefully put yourself into danger, into situations where you could have died?” Fury laced his tone.

“No,” Will said, defiant and grinning, “I was never in any real danger, because I had my alpha with me.”

Hannibal pounced on Will, pressing him into the soft pillows, covering his face and throat in kisses.

Arousal clouded Hannibal’s mind, causing his fingers to fumble as he attempted to untie Will’s bonds.

“What are you doing?” the omega asked, painting for air after being nearly suffocated under Hannibal’s mouth.

“Freeing you.”

Will let out a long wine, “No, don’t, the bondage is hot.”

Hannibal nodded and began to kiss down the length of Will’s body. He ran his tongue down the panel of lace covering his lamb’s cock.

He took the lace edge between his teeth, and jerked his head, ripping the fabric as Will gasped. The alpha swallowed the sweet omega cock and sucked. Will’s knees knocked on the sides of Hannibal’s chest as he squirmed with pleasure.

Hannibal pulled off and removed the last shreds of the ruined panties. He began to gently massage his lamb’s hole. “Do not worry, I will be sure to stretch you completely before we go further.”

“You really don’t-”

“Yes, I do,” Hannibal interrupted, “While I understand you are from the South and likely lack sufficient sexual education, stretching is important. Taking it slowly is no disservice to my pleasure as I gain nothing but the greatest satisfaction from pleasing you.”

“I know that-”

“Because you have likely only taken beta cocks previously it will be a significant change.”

“I haven’t had sex with a beta before.”

“You’ve had sex with another alpha?”

“N-no.”

“You’ve,” Hannibal paused, sucking air into his nose, “never had sex then.”

Will shook his head, “But I’ve had plenty of dild-”

Hannibal cut his lamb off again, “I wish I’d been aware previously, I would have taken much longer easing you into anything, you deserve to be treated properly-”

This time, Will cut Hannibal off, “Put your dick in my right this moment or I’ll cry. I’ve taken dildos the size of soda cans, just because I’m a virgin doesn’t mean you have to treat me like… like a virgin!”

Hannibal sighed and spread Will, scissoring him with two fingers. He moved slowly at first, but sped up when he failed to find any significant resistance. The alpha leaned up and nuzzled Will’s scent gland as he added a third and then fourth finger.

Once his lamb was sufficiently prepped, Hannibal kissed Will on his lips and lined his cock up to the omega’s entrance.

He slid his hips forward, pressing the tip inside. His lamb's insides were painfully, beautifully, fantastically, hot and soft around Hannibal's cock. The alpha had to clench the muscles in the back of his thighs to keep from popping his knot immediately.

He moved back and forth by merely an inch, trying to control himself and let Will properly adjust. Will was a virgin, he reminded himself.

"Hannibal," Will said, voice flat, "untie my right arm."

Hannibal stilled and followed Will's command, freezing his hips in place so his tip wouldn't slip out.

With his right arm freed, Will rolled his wrist and sighed.

Hannibal opened his mouth to ask if his omega was injured, if there was anything he could do for Will, when he was slapped with such force his head snapped left.

Will then grabbed Hannibal's jaw, hard enough to bruise, pulling his alpha until they were nose to nose, and said, "Fuck me like you mean it."

A switch flipped in Hannibal's mind and he descended on Will like an animal. He was a storm of teeth and claws, tearing and chewing at Will's neck. Blood coated his face and trailed down Will's chest.

Hannibal threw his hands down onto Will's shoulders, left hand crushing Will's right, and snapped his hips forward, forcing his cock into the hilt. Will shouted, long and loud as he was filled.

The doctor growled, whipping his hips in and out, pace brutal and punishing. Will moaned, "I can feel it in my throat, it's so good, Hannibal."

Hannibal's head dropped to Will's bitten neck, aggressively rubbing his face back and forth, covering him further in Will's sweet blood.

Will's hips bucked, his hole twitching around the massive intrusion.

Hannibal drew his cock out and slammed himself back in, grabbing Will's sides and pulling his lamb onto his dick like a fleshlight.

Will cried out, writhing, mind empty. He'd been fucked thoroughly stupid. The lamb finally fully submitted himself to the will of his alpha. There wasn't a thought inside his pretty head outside of the pleasure he was currently drowning in.

The omega lost count of how many times he came, everything aside from the sensation of being pounded blended together in his head. He just knew, at points, that every sensation in his body would peak, his vision would white out, and his hole would clench extra hard on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal buried his face in Will's neck as his knot breached the omega's hole. He bit down and tore, feeling cum begin to pump inside his lamb. The alpha collapsed, nearly smothering his beloved.

"Mine forever." He murmured into his omega's neck, "Forever, forever, forever."

Will just purred, dazed and fucked out of his mind.

When Hannibal came back to his senses, Will's stomach had been pumped so full of cum he looked three months pregnant. His knot still tied them together, pulses of seed still filling him.

Hannibal kissed Will's lips, "Was that satisfactory?"

"Incredibly so," Will said, still dazed, "I never want this to end."

Hannibal looked down at his sweet, small, cunning, intelligent, little lamb, and smiled, "It never will."

Chapter End Notes

and so it ends!! i loved writing this fic and have some p big plans for the sequel including but not limited to... clarice hunting for the chesapeake ripper, milf+tradwife+pregnant will, hannigam in italy, and so much fucking sex.

EDIT!!! NOW W FANTASTIC ART BY MY FRIEND THEO @BIMBOWILL ON TWITTER IM OBSESSED W THE PIECE

Plums on the tree heavy with nectar

Chapter Summary

Several years after the events of the first arc, Will decides that he wants a full family.

Will cradled his stomach in one hand, feeling the rise in body temperature that accompanied his pre-heat.

He was going to get pregnant, no matter what.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal watched his lamb's body rise and fall, the small thing resting completely on his alpha's chest. Will slept on, blind to the way he bobbed up and down as Hannibal breathed.

Will's heat had taken them by storm, triggering Hannibal's rut, and sending them into five straight days of nearly nonstop mating.

Now, Hannibal's head was beginning to clear. His instincts still raged but rationality tempered them. His lamb's stomach was distended as if he was already ten weeks pregnant. Filled with seed, Hannibal thought, pleased.

He smiled, thinking of how smart his doll was, luring and playing Hannibal like he did. It was a good thing Hannibal was there for him, an omega this smart was bound to get himself in trouble. Without a proper alpha to step in, Will would have gotten overconfident, thinking himself invincible, and then gotten himself hurt.

Hannibal was overjoyed to have such a wondrous mate all to himself.

The alpha stroked Will's face, cool dread pooling in his stomach. They'd only just gotten all the cards on the table, only recently revealed every scheme they both had going. Hannibal had only mated his Will a few days prior. He looked down at his lamb's stuffed womb.

He had just gotten Will to himself, but if the seed took, and Hannibal was sure it would, he might need to compromise, to share his time with a litter of squirming pups.

Hannibal knew how potent his cum was, Will would be knocked up with a full litter of anywhere from four to six babies. Kits needed attention, Hannibal thought, wrinkling his nose at the mental image of wailing children.

While he loved the idea of his mate, full and pregnant, feeding pups on both breasts, he couldn't stomach the idea of Will turning his wondrous eyes away from Hannibal and towards a babe.

The alpha gently set his doll down into the nest, and secured him with several tight, yet soft leather straps.

After a quick trip upstairs, Hannibal came back down. He cradled his lamb's head, pushed open his mouth, and placed a small morning after pill at the back of his tounge. Hannibal massaged Will's throat, feeling the capsule move down.

The next heat, Hannibal told himself, he'd get Will pregnant the next heat.

Will peeled open one eye, keeping his muscles frozen in place. If he moved at all, Hannibal would know Will was up, and his alpha was always so huffy if he couldn't wake Will himself. Will had to fight down a smile as he closed his eye again, enjoying the sensation of resting against Hannibal's bare chest, coarse hair caressing Will's face.

Hannibal didn't allow clocks in their den, telling Will that clocks would prompt him into thinking about the time passing in the outside world, something entirely unnecessary. As if Will would ever miss his previous life. Will knew arguing was futile, so he caught glances of Hannibal's watch whenever possible and perfected his already sharp internal clock.

He estimated that Hannibal awoke about twelve minutes later. His alpha started their mornings as he always did, stroking Will from his neck to the center of his shoulder blades. He bent his neck to kiss Will's forehead, hand brushing Will's hair. The omega would blink into awareness, smiling up at his alpha.

Over the past two years, Will and Hannibal had established a comfortable morning routine. Afternoons were for surprises and new experiences, the morning was for the comfort of the familiar, Will thought, still filled with rumbling purrs.

Once Hannibal woke Will, they'd kiss, and his alpha would untangle their limbs. Hannibal would head to the bathroom, brush his teeth, and bring back a cup and a toothbrush with paste already applied. He'd cradle the back of Will's head and gently prompt his mouth open. The alpha would brush Will's teeth, moving in small, circular motions, cleaning every inch of his omega's mouth. Then he'd tilt Will's head back, fill his mouth with water, and let him spit into the cup.

Hannibal would brush through Will's hair, gently working through every long curl. He'd been growing it out and now the tresses brushed his shoulders.

Will laid, completely limp, as Hannibal dressed him in little, cotton panties and a loose, silk shirt, drenched in his alpha's scent. Hannibal had taken to wearing the silk shirts under his normal suits, so they always smelled freshly of him after Will had asked for it. His alpha was so sweet.

He lifted Will's arm, and prompted it through the sleeve. He kissed Will's wrist, then moved up, pressing his lips to every inch of flesh that made its way out of the shirt. When finished, he smoothed the fabric over Will's chest and kissed the center of it.

Hannibal would walk upstairs for a moment and bring a full breakfast. He'd cut up small bites and feed Will, insisting that all his omega needed to do was chew. Will was happy that he'd put his food down when Hannibal offered to chew his meals for him. He loved Hannibal, he really did, but lines needed to be drawn.

When Will was first brought to Hannibal's basement he'd offered to do such menial tasks on his own. Hannibal had acted like Will had taken away his favorite toy. It took Will almost two days of grumpy alpha to needle a conversation out of the man. Hannibal told Will that he wanted to care for him, that doing the little tasks brought him joy and comfort.

It was odd, realizing that he wasn't a burden to the other man. Will had known the alpha would want to care for him in theory, but the reality of it shocked him. It had taken them several months for them to adjust to each other. Will needed to accept that Hannibal wanted to care for him, and Hannibal needed to accept that he had to talk to Will if he wanted something.

It was only after Will was fully dressed and cleaned that he was allowed to move. The omega bent forward and pressed his lips to Hannibal's.

"D'you have time for a quickie?" Will asked, batting his eyelashes.

"I must leave for work in under an hour if I am to be at the BAU before my meeting."

Will looked up at Hannibal, eyes wide, "Please?"

The omega could pinpoint the moment Hannibal's resolve broke. It really was painfully easy for Will to get what he wanted.

Hannibal sighed as his lamb looked at him. The alpha could deny his Will nothing.

His lamb leaned back, pulled his panties down, and threw his legs over Hannibal's shoulders.

"Like this, please." Will said, grinning and wiggling his ass on Hannibal's lap.

Hannibal reached between Will's legs and retrieved his plug, twisting it so that it tugged at Will's rim. His lamb's hole leaked cum. Will laughed a little as he lifted his hips so that the cum dripping out of his ass fell onto Hannibal's uncovered cock.

The alpha growled at the provocation and grabbed Will by his ribcage. He slammed into his omega to the hilt, hip bones biting into his lamb's plush ass. Hannibal shifted, grinding deeper into Will, saiting his omega's needs.

Will moaned and pushed himself onto his elbows, drawing Hannibal's cock out, only to fuck himself back down.

Hannibal's hands tightened, holding Will in place, "You asked me to fuck you, meaning that I set the pace."

"I asked for a quickie, meaning we move fast." Will replied, trying to force his mate's cock deeper.

Insolent little lamb, Hannibal thought, drawing out and then slamming back into Will, forcing a long moan out of him. He repeated the motion twice, then held himself inside, savoring the warmth of Will's ass and his mate's panting breath.

Such big talk from such a little thing. To think, his doll had been demanding a faster fucking and then barely held on after three thrusts. If Hannibal wasn't there to take charge, his lamb would wear himself out in moments.

Hannibal moved, slow and steady, drinking in his mate. His lamb's hole was soft and impossibly hot. Hannibal could feel his cum from the previous night, still inside his beloved. Slick began to bubble forth around the head of Hannibal's cock. Cum and slick mixed to make each slide easier, prompting Hannibal deeper.

The alpha pounded into his lamb. Will moaned and wined beneath him, sweat gathering at his hairline. His beloved was a vision, Hannibal's care had done wonders for him. He'd put on weight once he was fed well, body blossoming outwards. His thighs grew plump and biteable, his breasts became small, delicious handfuls, his belly a soft mound, and his glorious ass was round and peach-like. His lamb's entire body jiggled lightly as Hannibal fucked him. Hannibal mouthed at his mate's neck, teeth catching on the various mating scars and bite marks that covered the flesh.

Will bit his lip, screwing his eyes closed as he came, splattering his underbelly and Hannibal's chest. The alpha kept moving, kept pushing, kept rutting.

The omega clenched again, hole spasming as he came again, barely finished riding out his first orgasm.

Hannibal slammed into his lamb as his knot began to grow. He couldn't be locked inside his beloved if he wanted to leave the den at all today. The alpha pulled out until it was just the head, his knot fully engorged.

He grumbled into Will's neck, displeased that his cock was cold. Hannibal grabbed Will's wrist and used his omega's hand to rub up and down his length, to squeeze his knot, and to draw out an orgasm.

Hannibal sighed as he came, pumping his load into Will. Even if he didn't have the time to properly knot his lamb, he could still give the little thing a fresh load of cum to satisfy him.

The alpha grabbed the large plug and placed it back inside Will's hole. He wiggled it, pressing it to Will's abused prostate and tightly gripping his tiny, omegan cock. Hannibal moved his hands in unison, jacking his lamb off and filling his hole, forcing a third orgasm out of his omega.

Hannibal stood up, taking Will's panties to wipe the sweat off his chest, then dropping them onto his omega's sprawled form.

Will panted, chest heaving with overstimulation. He smelled richly of satisfaction as his eyes followed his alpha.

"I don't enjoy punishing you, but you will listen. When I fuck you at a certain speed, you will lay back and enjoy it. You asked for it faster, harder, and I delivered, now look at yourself, so fucked out you can barely move. This is why you need an alpha to make your decisions for you."

Hannibal paused, bent down, and pressed a kiss to Will's sweaty forehead. He'd hate for his mate to assume he was too upset, "I'll be back as soon as I can after work. I may not be back for lunch today, so there is an arugula, goat cheese, and pomegranate salad in the fridge, along with teriyaki pork rice balls."

"W-with my favorite balsamic dressing?"

Hannibal smiled, "Of course, I would never offer you less."

The alpha turned and left. As he climbed the ladder that would lead him to the outside world, he was filled with the distinct feeling that Will had not properly understood Hannibal's punishment.

Will felt so blissed out he could melt into the pillows. He loved Hannibal and he loved the alpha's slow, passionate sex, but sometimes Will wanted to be fucked like an animal. Who could blame him for manipulating his alpha, just a little, when it was so easy.

After what Will estimates to be two hours, he pried himself out of the nest. He carried himself on shaky legs to the bathroom. The omega wetted a towelette and wiped himself down. He glanced at the bath, before he decided that it would be easier to ask Hannibal for a bath later.

Will headed to the library, flopping down on a light blue divan. He picked up the book he'd been reading yesterday, *Ada, or Ardor: A Family Chronicle*. He'd considered asking Hannibal to read it with him, as they often enjoyed reading and discussing novels together. A few months ago, Will had prompted Hannibal to read *No Exit* with him, almost entirely because Will thought it was funny.

Will paged through *Ada*, picking up on a long phone call between the main characters. He nixed the idea of sharing the novel with Hannibal. Somehow, the alpha hadn't read Nabacov's work, and while Will knew Hannibal would love the man's writings, Will also knew he'd never be able to stop the alpha from rambling about the contrast and combination of beauty and disgust in the text.

Will snorted, he'd much rather read alone then be compared to Adelaida in one of his alpha's trite monologues.

He read for most of the morning before deciding to take his lunch in the sun room. Will grabbed his meal and sprawled out on the thick fur carpet.

The sun room was one of Will's favorite places to eat and nap. It was a large room with several sun lamps that brightened and dimmed with the time of day. It was warm, and the light felt good on the omega's skin.

Will chewed some of the pork, smiling around it, remembering the rude pig that died to make it. She'd been trying to get Will's monograph on determining death based on insect activity pulled from the FBI curriculum. The beta woman falsely assumed that because Will had been outed as an omega 'post-mortem' that his work was empty headed drivel.

Hannibal had gutted her, removed her spine, and scraped out her head, showing her for the hog she was. Will smiled, thinking about how his alpha would seethe whenever anyone mentioned Will, positive or negative. Hannibal wanted to own all of Will, and the omega was happy to let him.

After lunch, Will considered tying flies, but ultimately decided that he'd prefer to take a nap. Besides, he thought, his heat would come in a few days, and he needed to re-make his nest.

The omega headed towards his nest room, then paused in the hallway. There was a closed door there, one neither Hannibal nor Will had opened in almost a year.

The nursery.

Will cracked the door, letting light pour in. Ten cradles, lined against the wall, each with beautiful mobiles. There was a chest overflowing with toys and a dresser stuffed with baby clothes.

None of which had ever been used. Will pursed his lips. He didn't think of it much of it often, but now the empty room burned at him. He wanted kits, badly.

He knew Hannibal had been slipping him morning after pills. The alpha was painfully jealous, but he needed to understand that he wouldn't lose Will if they had pups.

Will cradled his stomach in one hand, feeling the rise in body temperature that accompanied his pre-heat.

He was going to get pregnant, no matter what.

Hannibal often considered how easy it was to snap a human neck when sitting across from Franklyn Froideveaux. One twist and the bother would be gone.

Hannibal often considered why he ever left his den. He had enough money for both him and his lamb to live lavishly. Hannibal was exhausted with keeping up appearances, instead wishing he could bury himself in his omega's bosom and never leave.

Hannibal was carried home by thoughts of his lamb, his flesh and his softness. Every moment he was held away from his omega was a cruelty. The alpha descended through his house, entering the hatch to his first basement, where he butchered his victims, then unlatched a second hidden trapdoor. If the FBI ever found where the Ripper worked, they'd never find his mate.

The alpha headed down the metal ladder, feeling as if he was being reeled in to his darling. He opened the three heavy doors and entered his den.

He took off his shoes, placing them by the door. Hannibal did not want to wake his mate if he was sleeping. He creept through the den, surveying each room and finding them empty. Will was not in the library nor the sun room.

Hannibal stepped into the heart of his den, and saw Will, nude and resting at the center of his nest. The alpha cooed, slipping inside. His lamb was so plush, his skin creamy and delicate. He looked like the picture of innocence, resting on pillows almost as soft as he was.

The alpha melted at the sight. He held his omega's face and placed his thumb at the corner of his closed eye. He stroked the skin, training his thumb across the smooth cheek, down to plump lips.

He lightly pushed his finger further, parting his lips and displaying the sharp, white teeth. Little omega fangs opened and captured Hannibal's thumb between them.

Will opened one eye, smiling and biting down hard enough to draw blood.

Hannibal kissed him between his eyes, "My little minx."

His lamb yawned and released Hannibal's thumb from his teeth. He suckled the blood, before staring up at his alpha, "I'm still tired. Strip and nap with me?"

Hannibal's guts liquefied. He could deny his omega nothing. He obeyed hastily, eager to please his mate.

The alpha laid down, curling protectively around his lamb, overjoyed as the smaller man began to purr. Will nuzzled his nose into Hannibal's neck, then reached behind himself.

Suddenly, Will jerked away, grabbing Hannibal's wrists and tying them together with a belt.

Hannibal looked up at his lamb, eyebrow quirked.

"My heat is coming up soon," Will said, straddling Hannibal, "and I've decided that I want kits."

Hannibal froze, "We have been trying."

"*I've* been trying, you've been jealous." Will said, lifting himself and sinking down on Hannibal's hardening cock without preparation. He sucked in a breath, eyes screwed shut. Sex without fingering had become his lamb's newest interest. He said he enjoyed the stretch and the burn. Hannibal had no desire to hurt his mate, but he could say he saw the appeal of

fucking Will loose. His hole spasmed around Hannibal's cock, so tight the alpha could barely move.

Will gripped Hannibal's shoulders, holding eye contact, "I need you to understand that kits aren't going to come between us."

His lamb began to bounce on Hannibal's lap, his little dick waving up and down. Wet heat engulfed Hannibal, "They won't, I know you're worried about it, I know you're *afraid* of it, but they won't."

"But you'll need to care for them." Hannibal said, bound hands brushing Will's stomach.

"I care for you. Hannibal, please," Will paused, sitting on his alpha's hips, resting their foreheads together, "I love you, kits will bring us together more than they could ever separate us."

Hannibal felt his knot catch on Will's rim before it locked them together. He looked at his lamb, his lovely, adoring, intelligent lamb. "Whatever you want." He said.

Will beamed down on him, riding Hannibal harder until they both came, "Good, I've been doing research about mating presses and other positions to increase fertility, and about what foods I should eat and vitamins to take for our pups, and I've been looking into ways to elongate heat to encourage our chances, and you should take viagra to make your knots last longer, and-"

Hannibal shut up his sweet little lamb with a kiss, "One step at a time, beloved."

Chapter End Notes

heeyyyyy. im back. ive decided that im just gonna publish all the sequels and oneshots in this fics universe on this fic, instead of making a series. mostly bc ive made series of fics in the past and people never tend to see the sequels!

also a friend of mine told me he subscribed to one of my series but never got email notifs for it. so! everything for this verse will be in this fic.

this chapter is more of a little oneshot about will getting knocked up! after this ill soon have another sequel coming w clarise and some mystery shit! itll be real fun

in the mean time! check out the other stuff under the 'anon porn' thing if you like my writing! :-D thanks for all the support and everything, yall r fantastic

ALSO! forgive any weird formatting, i'm posting from my phone in my basement bc there's a tornado down my street! lol! i'll fix everyhting up later

End Notes

hey! this is my first time ever really writing or posting porn OR a/b/o. so any constructive criticism or comments would be really appreciated! :-D also. i blame the existence of this fic on the fantastic accounts i follow on twitter. none of them helped me write this, but seeing that there were at least Some horny hannibal fans who wanted this kind of a/b/o nonsense out there was really nice!

the title is from New Chevrolet in Flames by the mountain goats

also. if u like this fic at all, you should try reading this one here! its a longfic ive been working on for ages and its got some similar creepy/dominant hannibal >:)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!